

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

CONFLICT AND CORONATION OF THE ART-
DISCOVERER.

LIKE the history of all other arts, the history of pottery has not escaped the blending with it of a large amount of apocryphal anecdote and romance. Perhaps pottery—the art of molding and hardening clay—may claim to be the mother of all the arts. Necessity would soon prompt the attempted manufacture of a vessel to hold liquids; for neither of the methods of satisfying thirst adopted by Gideon's men would long suffice. Convenience and refinement would alike urge an improvement; and the first foot-mark in the clay, hardened by a Mesopotamian sun, would suggest the material and manner of its construction; and from Eve's first rude pipkin to the latest production of Wedgwood or Copeland, it would simply be a series of improvements. Thus to draw upon the apocrypha of pottery, a servant boils brawn in an earthen pipkin, and carelessly permitting it to boil over the fierce fire, the alkali combines with the earthenware, and the result is a vitreous surface—the first specimen of glass-glazing. The first historic records of fictile clay are the bricks of Babel; the next the brick-making of the Israelites, indicating an advanced and systematic art. The inventor of pottery, artistically so called, was Coræbus of Athens, in whose honor the æsthetic Greeks struck models and erected statues. Phidias himself designed vases for the Athenian potters. Dibutades of Sicyon, observed upon a wall the profile of his daughter's lover, traced by her from the outline of his shadow. He filled it with clay, which he hardened with fire, and this was the first specimen of modeling in relief. Talus of Athens is said to have invented the potter's wheel, and so to have provoked thereby the jealousy of Dædalus, that he threw him from the Acropolis and killed him. The Egyptians were at a very early

period acquainted with the art. Little figures, covered with a fine deep blue glaze, and numerous vases, specimens of which may be seen in the British Museum, were deposited with their mummies. Representations of earthen vessels, closely resembling those made in Egypt at present, are found in Egyptian paintings. The next in antiquity to Egyptian vases are in Etruscan, familiar to you all by their black figures and red clay ground. They are found in northern and central Italy, especially in tombs, where they were probably deposited as the most precious things of their owners, or to contain their ashes, or the wine and milk offered to their manes; and in such myriads that if the Etruscans were what Napoleon said we were, "a nation of shopkeepers," almost every shop must have been consecrated to earthenware. The Romans come next; and, as in every other artistic excellence, they imitated the Greeks without equaling them; and when the empire fell, the already degraded art was buried in its ruins.

But the most remarkable development of the art pertains to those queer, incarnate types of antiquity, the Chinese. While the art of tempering and glazing was disappearing in Europe, the Chinese, and their neighbors, the Japanese, had been for centuries making that peculiar porcelain with which, in its grotesque determination to put down all tyrannical laws of proportion and perspective, our readers are all familiar. How many thousands of myriads of years, according to Chinese chronology, they have been manufacturing porcelain, it is impossible to say; it is an institution of the empire, and, of course, therefore, like all its other institutions.

The first reappearance in Europe of the lost art of pottery, was in the fourteenth century, when glazed earthenware was used in the pavement of the Alhambra, and in the Moorish mosques in Spain; and this was the condition of the art a few years before Palissy lent his genius

and his labor to it, when a Florentine sculptor, Lucca della Robbia, the first of European potters, became famous for his terra cotta productions. Like Palissy, he was the discoverer of his own enamel. "He studied," says Vasari, "with so much zeal, that when his feet were often frozen with cold in the night time, he kept them in a basket of shavings to warm them, that he might not be compelled to discontinue his drawings;" another instance of the way in which men are made. After years of patient experiment he produced a beautiful white enamel, "which gave almost eternal durability" to his terra cotta figures, and became so famous that it laid the foundation of the commercial greatness of Florence. His secret, however, died with him, and only his productions remained, a specimen of which, as we have seen, fell into Palissy's hands, and stimulated his inquisitive genius.

When, therefore, Palissy was mending painted windows at Saintes, Europe was without porcelain. Every dust-heap now contains fragments that would then have been treasured in cabinets. The shilling China mug which, as its inscription deponeth, you purchase as "a present for Elizabeth," would have been a fitting present for Gloriana herself, and such was indeed the actual gift of a princely subject. China was hermetically sealed against Europeans, who were in such a state of social barbarism, as to be ignorant even of the existence of tea; so that the very idea of a teacup was wanting to the mental philosophy of Europe. The only pottery, therefore, that French art could achieve, was a common earthenware; and all that Palissy achieved was to him pure discovery.

To discover Lucca della Robbia's enamel, therefore, was henceforth the purpose for which he lived, and to which he consecrated all his labor and substance, and sacrificed many years of peace. "Had I employed," he says, "a thousand reams of paper in writing for you all the accidents that have occurred to me upon my search, you may assure yourself that, however clever you might be, there would occur to you a thousand other crosses, which could not be taught by letters, and which, even if you had them written, you would not believe, till you should have been thrust by experience among a thousand troubles."

The problem with Palissy was, how to discover enamel without either teacher or knowledge of its ingredients; how to discover, amid icebergs and polar frosts, a north-west passage. Here, then, began his trial; the pursuit of the enamel involved the neglect of his surveying, and the consequent destitution of his family. The possible

stood in opposition to the certain—the ideal to the real; the filling of his furnace involved the emptiness of his cupboard. His new and fervent love provoked the not unnatural jealousy of the old. The wife was neglected, and the children cried for bread; domestic upbraiding took the place of domestic endearment; the enamel of conjugal love—politeness and delicate ministration—was toughly scratched and broken. "Poverty raised the latch, and love flew out of the window." Victorine lost all faith, both in his genius and his love. No doubt, if discovered, the enamel would make them rich; but how was *he*, ignoramus that he was, to discover it? There was not a potter in France who would not have laughed at his best attempt to make a pipkin, and yet, forsooth, he will emulate Lucca della Robbia. A sad hair-brained notion this! And even should he ultimately succeed, how were they to obtain support in the mean while; "while the grass was growing the horse would starve."

But let us listen to Palissy. "Without having heard of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded in those days all the substances which I could suppose likely to make any thing; and, having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and, after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them; and, having marked them, I set apart, in writing, what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake, that I might see whether my drugs were able to produce some whitish color; for I sought only after white enamel, because I had heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others. Then, because I had never seen earth baked, nor could I tell by what degree of heat the said enamel should be melted, it was impossible for me to get any result in this way, though my chemicals should have been right; because, at one time, the mass might have been heated too much, at another time too little; and when the said materials were baked too little or burnt, I could not at all tell the reason why I met with no success, but would throw blame on the materials, which sometimes, perhaps, were the right ones, or at least could have afforded me some hint for the accomplishment of my intentions, if I had been able to manage the fire in the way that my materials required. But, again, in working thus I committed a fault still grosser than that above named; for in putting my trial pieces in the furnace, I arranged them without consideration, so that if the materials had been the best in the world, and the

fire also the fittest, it was impossible for any good result to follow. Thus having blundered several times at a great expense, and through much labor, I was every day pounding and grinding new materials, and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money, and consumed my wood and my time."

Here, then, was failure the first. Palissy had built his furnace, broken up his pottery, provided his chemicals, exhausted his resources, and failed! No one of his accidental combinations turned out to be the white enamel for which he sought; but he was not the man to give in at a first failure. He pulled down his furnaces, and reconstructed them; he bought new chemicals, and broke fresh pots, undeterred by an empty purse, an empty cupboard, and a remonstrant wife. And these were the first "provocations of Madame Palissy."

"When," says he, "I had fooled away several years thus imprudently, with sorrows and sighs, because I could not at all arrive at my intention, and, remembering the money spent, I resolved, in order to avoid such large expenditure, to send the chemicals that I would test to the kiln of some potter; and, having settled this within my mind, I purchased afresh several earthen vessels, and having broken them in pieces, as was my custom, I covered three or four hundred of the fragments with enamel, and sent them to a pottery, distant a league and a half from my dwelling, with a request to the potters that they would please to permit those trials to be baked within some of their vessels. This they did willingly."

And so, with good-natured pity, and good-humored *badinage*, the potters put this strange batch of powders into their furnace; and our poor friend Palissy, with a throbbing heart and careworn countenance, sat down to watch the result. It was his last desperate experiment—at present the extreme limit of enthusiasm, beyond which it would become fanaticism, perhaps sin. And so the potters made merry; and Palissy sickened at heart over these three hundred potsherds. Hour after hour he watched, till the time arrived when they were to be taken from the furnace. And with an incredulous curiosity on the part of the potters, and a deadly intensity of feeling on the part of Palissy, which was neither hope nor despair, but the insupportable feeling which comes of both, the potsherds were drawn forth.

"But, when they had baked their batch, and come to take out my trial-pieces, I received nothing but shame and loss, because they turned out good for nothing; for the fire used by the potters was not hot enough, and my trials were not put

into the furnace in the required manner, and according to my science." And thus, in addition to his own bitter disappointment, he became the butt of their rude wit. What, then, will he do next? Try again. "Because I had at that time no knowledge of the reason why my experiments had not succeeded, I threw the blame—as I before said—upon my materials; and, beginning afresh, I made a number of compounds, and sent them to the same potters to do with as before; so I continued to do several times, always with great cost, loss of time, confusion, and sorrow." Meanwhile the necessities of his family had become too urgent, and Madame Palissy too clamorous, to be further disregarded, and he gave in for a while. Like all brave men, he knew when he was beaten, and he proclaimed an armistice. Thus stood the matter. There was a thing to be done; he could not mistake the whispering genius that told him he could do it. But, then, God did not show him the way to do it. His family had claims upon him; and greatly, therefore, as he has dared, he will now as greatly forbear. "When I saw that I could not at all, in this way, come at my intention, I took relaxation for a time, occupying myself in my art of painting and glass-working, and comforted myself as if I were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels." The immediate result was, the suspension of curtain lectures; health and happiness returned; and thus, after three years of fruitless experiment, Palissy became a reasonable husband and father, and betook himself again to glass-painting and surveying.

The French King wanted money for his wars, and the salt marshes of Saintonge were capable of yielding it; so it was determined to have them surveyed, in order to the adjustment of the famous gabelle or salt-tax. And who so fitted for this work as Palissy, the surveyor? And singularly enough, the King's commissioner came just at the right time. A few days before, and in the agony of his last desperate experiment, he would not have left his furnace, even for the King himself. But his last experiment had failed; his council with prudence had been held, and his surrender to Madame Palissy duly made. He thankfully, therefore, accepted the appointment "to map the islands and the country surrounding all the salt-marshes in his part of the world;" and thus, for about a year and a half, he plentifully fed his children, and sufficiently clothed his wife, and at the same time diversified his own studies; for, you will remember, that he was a great naturalist, and he knew how to find both "tongues in trees" and "sermons in stones." He studied, therefore, put

the geology of the district, and more especially the earths in the salt-marshes of Saintonge, whereof he has given to the world an account in his "Essays on Manures and on Divers Salts." He became, in short, a kind of anticipatory Liebig.

For a year and a half, then, Palissy was outwardly and conjugally a happy man, regularly employed and regularly paid; but, alas! genius is like conscience—whatever sop you give it, it refuses to be permanently quieted. The fire, during these eighteen months, has been secretly smoldering, and every louis saved had been fuel heaped upon it; and to the dismay of Madame Palissy, it broke out afresh, and fiercer than ever. "Then," says Palissy, "when the said commission was ended, and I found myself paid with a little money, I resumed my affection for pursuing in the track of the enamels." The sure instinct of victory that blinded Nelson to the signal that would have kept him from battle, blinded Palissy to all that his family might suffer. What wonder that poor Madame Palissy stood aghast! If his was a martyrdom of determination, was not hers a martyrdom of endurance—and unforgotten by the intelligence, unsustained by the instinctive hope, uninspired by the noble ambition that animated him?

What, if she did remonstrate, or even scold! Could flesh and blood endure to see home stripped desolate again, and children starved? Startling enough was the first symptom of the outbreak. "I broke," says he, "about three dozen earthen pots, all of them new, and having ground a large quantity of different materials, I covered all the bits of the said pots with my chemicals, laid on with a brush." Three or four hundred pieces, with various mixtures of chemicals laid on them, were carried to the glass-houses, in the hope that some one might chance to prove the right combination, and that its intenser heat might melt them. "Then," he continues, "since their furnaces are much hotter than those of potters, the next day, when I had drawn them out, I observed that some of my compounds had begun to melt; and, for this cause, I was still more encouraged to search for the white enamel upon which I had spent so much labor."

For two years more, then, Palissy persevered, and Madame Palissy was provoked; for children were multiplying annually, subject only to the sad subtraction of two, whom he buried. She lived as women live whose husbands bring home no wages, and who have no faith to follow the footsteps of genius. His whole time was consumed in preparing chemicals, and burning them.

His wife thought him heartless; his neighbors thought him mad.

For five years he had walked this dark and arduous path—three of them without any encouragement at all, and two with only the encouragement that some of his chemicals had melted. But when did the alchemist ever complain either of the cost of his experiments, the fumes of his furnace, or the wasting of his years? Success at last will more than compensate a lifetime of toil. But, then, alchemists are not often married. Newton may forget his own dinner; but there is no children's dinner to forget. Diamond can care for himself. The Penates, under the leadership of Madame Palissy, were about to conquer again. And again poor Palissy is brought to the resolution of a *last* experiment; and promising his wife that if it fail, he will, like a good and sensible man, make the best of glass-painting and land-surveying. But this last effort must be a great one; there is a fearful destruction among the pots—a crucial quest for chemicals, three hundred different combinations of which are prepared, and duly marked and registered.

Again, then, we imagine the patient philosopher, having prepared the sacrifice to his patience, about to offer it—but, as his poor wife thought, to the Moloch of their home. Pale with long vigils, having "outwatched the bear" over his furnace fires, his man bearing this holocaust of his hopes, he reaches the furnace; the grim glass-blowers deposit them, and for some hours he has no refuge from their gibes; he adjusts himself for a patient watching. The first hour passes, and the second, and the third, and the fourth, when the furnace is opened that he may look at his potsherds. One of his chemicals at least has decidedly melted; but, then, they have melted before, and there is not much in that; at all events he will take it out to cool. It gradually hardens; it grows unusually white. *Eureka!*—he has found it; it is transparent and beautiful, white and polished; in a word—white enamel.

But he himself must tell us what he felt and did. "For two years I did nothing but go and come between my house and the adjacent glass-houses, aiming to succeed in my intentions. God willed that, when I had begun to lose my courage, and was gone for the last time to a glass-furnace, having a man with me carrying more than three hundred kinds of trial pieces, there was one among those pieces which was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, which trial turned out white and polished in a way that caused me such joy as made me think I was become a new creature; and I

thought that, from that time, I had the full perfection of the white enamel; but I was very far from having what I thought."

One wonders in what way he would exhibit his discovery to Madame Palissy, or in what way she would receive it. The blessing to her was somewhat inscrutable. Had he not succeeded so well, he would have relinquished his experiments altogether—for a while. As it was, partial success only urged him on. More money must be spent, more hunger endured. He was so near the discovery of his secret, that he must now have a private furnace of his own, lest the glass-blowers should become acquainted with it, and the reward of his labor be lost. If he can but accomplish this, his golden visions of fame and wealth will all be realized. But, alas! he is in a miserable plight of *impecuniosity*; he has no money, and but little credit.

"This trial," he says, "was a very happy one in one sense, but very unhappy in another; happy because it gave me entrance upon the ground which I have since gained; but unhappy because it was not made with substance in the right measure or proportion. I was so great an ass in those days, that, directly I had made the said enamel, which was singularly beautiful, I set myself to make vessels of earth, although I had never understood earthenware; and having employed the space of seven or eight months in making the said vessels, I began to erect for myself a furnace like that of the glass-workers, which I built with more labor than I can tell; for it was requisite that I should be the mason to myself, that I should temper my own mortar, that I should draw the water with which it was tempered; also it was requisite that I should go myself to seek the bricks, and carry them upon my back, because I had no means to pay a single man for aid in this affair." At length he succeeds, after eight months of experiment, in making and baking his pottery; but now it is to be enameled. "I succeeded with my pots in the first baking; but when it came to the second baking, I endured suffering and labor such as no man would believe. For, instead of reposing after my past toil, I was obliged to work for the space of more than a month, night and day, to grind the materials of which I had made that beautiful enamel at the glass-furnace; and when I had ground them, I covered therewith the vessels that I had made; this done, I put the fire into my furnace by two mouths, as I had seen done at the glass-houses; I also put my vessels into the furnace to bake and melt the enamel which I had spread over them. But it was an unhappy thing for me, for, though I spent six

days and six nights before the said furnace, feeding it with wood incessantly through its two mouths, it was not possible to make the said enamels melt, and I was like a man in desperation."

It was, in fact, another failure. Pale, haggard, desponding, he had sat for six days and six nights among his potsherds, the very Job of art, his wants supplied perhaps only by his children, half-pitying, half-terrified at their possessed father—Madame Palissy, not unlike Mrs. Job, probably wringing her hands, and loading him with reproaches, and, in her way, bidding him "curse God and die;" or else seriously meditating a commission "De Lunatico." The failure is indubitable. What then? He will try again; the next experiment may crown all with success.

"Although quite stupefied with labor, I counseled to myself, that in my enamel there might be too little of the substance which should make the others melt; and seeing this, I began once more to pound and grind the before-named materials, all the time without letting my furnace cool. In this way I had double labor, to pound, grind, and maintain the fire. When I had thus compounded the enamel, I was forced to go again and purchase pots in order to prove the said compound, seeing that I had lost all the vessels which I had made myself." Thus he spent three more weeks wrestling with the angel of discovery; who would not yet let the secret go. His faith and patience must be still further tried. He had borrowed money for his last experiment; he borrows more for this, so determined is he to "force a path to the unknown." The new vessels are placed in the furnace, which for three weeks he has kept heated. But another and fatal embarrassment now occurs, his fuel fails him, his furnace fires will go out in the midst of his experiment, and his new baking be spoiled: first, then, he tears up the palings of his garden, a few perhaps may suffice, the enamel may at any moment melt. In vain does Madame Palissy protest, and weep, and wring her hands—he neither heeds nor hears; his demon has assumed a terrible form just now. The last stake disappears. He is a gamester grown desperate. Still the insatiable furnace craves; still the enamel does not melt. The probabilities at this moment are in favor of Madame Palissy, that he is insane, although not as a cause, but as an effect. There are no more palings to burn, and, like a spirit possessed, his eye glaring, his lips compressed, his countenance haggard, he rushes to the house. A tremendous crash; a table is split up and carried away; then follows a chair, then another, for the furnace

consumes them all. At last he tears up the flooring. Madame Palissy is frantic at first; then, quelled by the strong and vehement spirit that was working within him, she looks on passively and fearfully, while her household furniture is carried away, and her house pulled down—questioning, perhaps, whether the next log will be one of the children or herself. At length she rushes out of the house, and into the streets of Saintes, proclaiming aloud that her demented husband was burning the house. And what were Palissy's feelings? who shall conceive the terrible agony of his spirit? His was the frenzy of the Pythoness as well as her inspiration. But calmness would succeed; perhaps self-reproach; perhaps a sense of heart-desolateness. Palissy was a devout man; and we can imagine his troubled prayer in snatches of pious psalm: "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble. Consider and hear me, lest mine enemies say, We have prevailed against him; and they that trouble me rejoice when I am moved. They gape on me with their mouths, as a ravening and roaring lion. All they that see me laugh me to scorn; they shoot out the lip; they say, Aha! aha! I am poured out like water. My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my mouth. I may tell all my bones, they look and stare upon me. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak. O Lord, heal me; my soul is sore vexed. It is not an enemy that reproveth me, then could I have borne it—I would have hid myself from him; but it is mine old familiar friend, in whom I have trusted, who did eat of my bread—the wife of my bosom. O Lord, be merciful unto me; make haste to help me."*

Hear his own account of his misery. "I suffered an anguish that I can not speak, for I was quite exhausted and dried up by the heat of the furnace—it was more than a month since my shirt had been dry upon me. Further to console me, I was the object of mockery; and even those from whom solace was due, ran crying through the town that I was burning my floors. And in this way my credit was taken from me, and I was regarded as a madman. Others said that I was laboring to make false money, which was a scandal under which I pined away, and slipped with bowed head through the streets, like a man put to shame; I was in debt in several places, and had two children at nurse, unable to pay the nurses; no one gave me consolation, but, on the contrary, men jested at me, saying, 'It was right for him to die of hunger, seeing that he had left off follow-

ing his trade.' All these things assailed my ears when I passed through the streets; but for all that there still remained some hope which encouraged and sustained me, inasmuch as the last trials had turned out tolerably well, and thereafter I thought that I knew enough to get my living."

Some of the chemicals melted over his jars and produced a white enamel—but it was only his own conviction of a triumph that was the result; months must elapse before a batch of actual enameled crockery can produce conviction in others. Although his children cried for bread, his wife gave him no peace, his neighbors thought him mad, and he was plunged in debt, he resolves to engage as an assistant, a potter who understood his art, because it would take him too long to make a batch with his own hands; a magnanimous innkeeper undertaking to feed and lodge the said potter for six months, charging the same to Bernard Palissy's account. For six months, then, Palissy and his man labored together, molding and baking pottery to be enameled, when, for want of funds, the potter must be discharged, Bernard's clothes being given to him for wages.

"Then, because I had not any materials for the erection of my furnace, I began to take down that which I had built after the manner of the glass-workers, in order to use the materials again; then because the said furnace had been so strongly heated for six days and six nights, the mortar and bricks in it were liquefied, and vitrified in such a manner, that in losing the masonry I had my fingers bruised and cut in so many places that I was obliged to eat my pottage with my fingers wrapped in rags. When I had pulled down the said furnace it was requisite to build the other, which was not done without much difficulty, since I had to fetch for myself the water, and the mortar, and the stone, without any aid and without any repose."

The furnace was built, the chemicals purchased, and with infinite labor ground, and put upon the pottery, and the pottery put into the furnace. The neighbors gathered round, more earnestly angry, or bitterly sarcastic, or sadly pitiful than ever. Palissy hopes to draw three or four hundred livres from the produce of the furnace, and the good-hearted innkeeper, with the rest of the creditors, "wish they may get," rather than hope for their money; but—

"When I came to draw out my work, having previously removed the fire, my sorrows and distress were so abundantly augmented that I lost all countenance; for though my enamels were good, and my work was good, two accidents happened to the furnace which had spoilt all. The mortar of

* Provocations of Madame Palissy.

which I had built my furnace had been full of flints, which, feeling the vehemence of the fire—at the same time that my enamels had begun to liquefy—burst into several pieces, making a variety of cracks and explosions within the said furnace. Then, because the splinters of these flints struck against my work, the enamel, which was already liquefied into a glutinous matter, retained the said flints, and held them attached on all sides of my vessels and medallions, which, except for that, had been beautiful.”

Another failure, and the labor of months lost; yet many would have bought the produce of the furnace “at a mean price.” But because this “would have been a decrying and debasing of his honor,” the grand old potter, gaunt, and ragged, and furnace-stained—a very Lear in his distress, rushes wildly upon his spoiled batch, and breaks it all to pieces, strewing the fragments at his feet. His neighbors remonstrate—his wife, more than ever convinced of his madness, pours maledictions upon his head. His poor heart is sore. His faith is tried to the utmost. But the enamel is really discovered; another experiment, and a few months may realize all his hopes. He does, therefore, what any sensible man would do—he leaves the gossips jeering, his wife cursing, and, perhaps, his children crying, and goes to bed. O, could she have appreciated the noble heroism of his soul, how precious then would a few words of sympathy have been! He was now forty years old, and had experimented in pottery for eight years, and yet eight years more must elapse before his discovery is perfected. But the sorrows of his travail are past, and we need not follow him further; the grand secret is discovered, and he has now only to learn by experience how to avoid the thousand accidents that mar its application.

“When,” says he, “I had remained some time upon the bed, and had considered within myself that if a man should fall into a pit, his duty would be to endeavor to get out again; I, being in like case, set myself to make some paintings, and in various ways I took pains to recover a little money. I said within myself that my losses and hazards were all past, and there was no longer any thing to hinder me from making good pieces.” And then, after describing his various failures, he adds: “In short, I blundered for fifteen or sixteen years. . . . I was so wasted in my person, that there was no form nor prominence of muscle on my arms or legs; also the said legs were throughout of one size, so that the garters with which I tied my stockings were at once, when I walked, down upon my heels with the

stockings, too. I often walked about the fields of Saintes, considering my miseries and weariness, and, above all things, that in my own house I could have no peace, nor do any thing that was considered good. . . . Nevertheless, the hope that I had, caused me to proceed with my work so like a man, that often to amuse people who came to see me, I did my best to laugh, although within me all was very sad. . . . I have been for several years—when, without the means of covering my furnaces, I was, every night at the mercy of the rains and winds—without receiving any help, aid, or consolation, except from the owls that screeched on the one hand, and the dogs that howled on the other, . . . and having nothing dry upon me because of the rains which had fallen, I would go to bed at midnight, or near dawn, dressed like a man who had been dragged through all the puddles in the town; and turning thus to retire, I would walk, rolling, without a candle, falling to one side and the other, like a man drunk with wine, filled with great sorrows, insomuch as having labored long, I saw my labor wasted; then, retiring in this manner, soiled and drenched, I have found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which caused me to marvel now that I was not consumed with suffering.”

Hardly can we find a reproach for poor Madame Palissy; hardly can we marvel that she sought comfort from her neighbors, or even that she ran clamorously through the streets of Saintes, wailing her household wrongs, or that, like “vinegar upon niter,” her curtain-lectures fell upon Bernard’s sore heart. We have Biblical types of patient men; is there one of a patient woman?

Palissy at length supported his family by his pottery. A great naturalist, as well as a great artist, he consecrated his art to nature, and made imitations of all things animate and inanimate, whence the peculiar and exquisite productions to which a room in the Louvre is consecrated, known as Palissy’s Room. Nature had been his prompter, and nature was his teacher. He proudly designated himself, “Worker in Earth, and Inventor of Rustic Figulines;” and almost every product of his hands, down to the tiniest leaf or fossil, was molded from nature.

He was forty-eight years of age at the close of his sixteen years’ struggle. Thenceforward his fame rapidly spread, his discovery was talked of, and specimens of his art were exhibited at court. Noblemen frequented his cottage; the visionary had proved a seer; his rebellion had been pronounced a glorious revolution. Victorine smiled again; her children were well fed; she purchased

a finer "grass-green camlet" than ever she had dared to hope for; she was like Job's wife, when "each man gave him a piece of money." His neighbors became respectful; the Constable Montmorenci had "spoken for him to the King." He placed an enameled watch-dog at his door—funny fellow that he was—which the dogs of the town barked at. He was appointed to decorate the Constable's country-seat; and because no other man could do it, he was saved from being burnt for heresy, for which he had been apprehended—whereat Victorine blessed again the white enamel. Then an edict appointed him inventor of rustic figures to the King. He removed to Paris; Madame Palissy went to court; and for forty-four years he filled the Tuileries with his works, and France with his fame.

THE LOWLY SEAT.

Suggested by a sermon from Luke xiv, 8-11.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Young brother, bow thy head,
Cast down thy lofty eye,
For near thee waits thy lowly seat,
Lift not thy glance so high.

No elder knows thy face;
No prince has heard thy name;
Seek not those higher seats, or thou
Shalt risk rebuke and shame.

Cur! not thy lip in scorn,
Nor proudly toss thy head;
All firm foundations evermore
Must in the dust be laid.

Take then this humble place—
Here, here thy talents show;
And if it prove too strait for thee,
Fill it, and overflow.

Then, when, by worthy deeds,
Thy greatness shall appear,
Some voice above thee will pronounce,
"Friend, thou art needed here."

What if awhile thou art
Unnoticed and unknown?
Thy roots may still be gathering strength,
And striking deeper down.

The acorn worketh long
Unseen beneath the mold;
The oak is but a feeble thing
Till many summers old.

But when for forty years,
Unharm'd by nature's shocks,
Its roots have grappled with the earth
And everlasting rocks,

Proudly it stands aloft,
A strong, majestic form,
A sturdy wrestler with the winds,
A mocker at the storm.

Thus, brother, deep and strong
Be thy foundations laid;
Then spread thy branches gloriously,
And naught shall make afraid.

No tempest shall upheave,
No storm shall overcast
A power thus in th' eternal rocks
Rooted and anchored fast.

But scorn not humble toil,
Who would be honored long;
What would be high and mighty too,
Must at the base be strong.

THE SUNBEAMS.

BY R. MARIA BECK.

PUSH aside the snowy curtains,
Let me see the sun's last ray,
For I think it still is lingering,
Mother, where I used to play.

Yes, I see it now so clearly,
' Little stream of golden light,
And 'tis resting very gently
On my lilies pale and white.

But from them 'tis softly going,
As come to us the hours of sleep;
Now the good-night kiss is given,
And they bow their heads and weep.

But I wonder why they're weeping,
It only lights another home;
And the stars look down to cheer them
Till the morning light shall come.

Very soon a brighter sunbeam,
E'en when came the hour of sleep,
From that mother's heart was stealing,
And she bowed her head to weep.

Then an angel voice did whisper,
"It only lights another home;"
And the thought came to her sweetly,
That the morning bright would come.

"I WILL COME TO YOU"

John xiv, 18.

He comes! and rebel man no more
Wanders at distance from his God;
Behold! He standeth at the door,
And makes the soul His bright abode.

Ye need not ask, amid your fears,
Who shall ascend to bring Him down?
Or who, in sorrow and in tears,
Shall seek Him in the dark profound?

The everlasting Word is nigh,
Nor cloud nor space comes in to sever;
Faith consummates the heavenly tie,
And God and thou are one forever.

As comes the great Jehovah angel,
Blending our nature with his own,
This Christ—so saith the blest evangel—
Weds each for His celestial throne.

JOHN KITTO.

BY MARY E. FEY.

IT is not to any of the great literary labors upon which rest the fame and reputation of Dr. Kitto, that we call the brief attention of the reader; but rather simply to the man himself, in connection with two small volumes, published conjointly, under the title of "The Lost Senses—Deafness and Blindness." And of these two, it is only the former we notice. In the first of these two volumes—Deafness—he treats of that unfortunate class of sufferers of whom he was a living representative; and having his own experience as a guide and judge in every instance which he records, he has given a more faithful delineation of the sore privations, exquisite sufferings, and utter isolations of the deaf than we may ever again expect to see from one of their own class. But in point of numbers how meager the information! he himself is the sole patient of whose sufferings and privations we have any thing like a full or free description; the first and only one of whom a record or memorial exists in which the sufferer is himself the portrayer of his own sufferings. We here have an instance of Dr. Kitto's patient, self-sacrificing heroism, when, for the good of an afflicted class, we see him sacrifice his shrinking delicacy of feeling, and throwing off the reserve which, from habit and his peculiar situation, had become a second nature, that he might give to the world his own experience of a state of suffering and privation till then undescribed.

That this task had remained so long unaccomplished, even unattempted, was not because the case of the patient was in so great a measure beyond the bounds of description, nor that it was beyond the bounds of comprehension by the intelligent masses when once described; no, the difficulty was this: none but the sufferer himself was capable of giving a true description of his peculiar state, and to do this in a correct and intelligent manner, it was necessary that he should be possessed of at least an ordinary share of cultivated intelligence. But where in all the ranks of these afflicted beings is such a one to be found? For even among the better educated of this class, how rarely do we find one capable of any thing like abstract thought, the higher kinds of description, or even the commonest methods of reasoning! And as for the majority, with what laborious effort do they attempt to describe the most simple things around them! in almost every object which meets their benighted sight, they find a chaos of mystery—theirself, meantime, the most profound mystery of all.

It is for this simple reason of *incapability* to describe their own sufferings, that these silent beings have so long come, sojourned a while with us, and then departed forever, without so much as even a passing notice or memorial of their existence. It remained to some more highly gifted one of their number, who had thoroughly drained the bitter cup of this sad experience, to tell us what its contents were; it was necessary that one who had overcome almost insurmountable difficulties, should himself attempt the description and solution of these difficulties; and this the author of the "Lost Senses" has done in as clear and concise a manner as the circumstances would permit. And yet, interesting as this volume really is, it will, in all probability, be doomed to have too limited a number of readers, consisting chiefly of professional persons, and those few extensive readers whose reading embraces almost every thing not strictly scientific.

Dr. Kitto's privations in early life were such as we of the present can form only an imperfect idea of. He tells us he was six years deaf before he knew there existed any mode of communication by the fingers, and was twenty years of age before he ever saw a newspaper to read it. He gives a list of books then to be found in most private houses, all good enough certainly, but very limited in numbers; and whenever he was so fortunate as to find a book he had not yet read, he considered it a godsend. Previous to the loss of his hearing, he had learned to read, write, and cipher some; he had acquired a taste for reading, but from the scarcity of books within reach, there was small opportunity for its gratification. As he grew older, and became fully aware of his sad condition, his desire to read became a passion; but as he was too poor to buy, it was only by borrowing that he could gratify it; and he tells us there was nothing in the world so delightful as to hie away to some quiet wood, and there devour the contents of a borrowed volume.

For a while this was looked at as something very good to keep the poor boy out of harm's way; and so he was left undisturbed to pursue his course; for his friends neither understood nor appreciated the good he derived from the books thus read, sufficiently to give him either sympathy or encouragement. But the poverty of his relatives would not allow him always to pursue this course of life; he, too, felt himself a burden on their hands, and at times it was his highest ambition to find some kind of occupation which might support him for the present, and, possibly, bar the doors against want in the future. But look in whatever direction he would, his want of

hearing stood between him and the pursuits he saw other men engaged in.

A time came at length when employment was found for him, and we may readily believe it was as he says, the most dreary in that part of his career, when we learn that his labors began at near six o'clock in the morning, and continued till near ten in the evening. He says, "I murmured not at this; for I knew that life had grosser duties than those to which I would gladly have devoted all my hours. It was, however, a terrible time for me, as it left so little leisure for what had become my sole enjoyment, if not my sole good. I submitted—I acquiesced—I tried to be happy; but it would not do; my heart gave way, notwithstanding my manful struggles to keep it up, and I was very miserable. Twelve hours I could have borne. I have tried it, and know that the leisure which twelve hours might have left would have satisfied me; but sixteen hours, and often eighteen out of the twenty-four, was more than I could bear. To come home weary and sleepy, and then to have only for mental sustenance the moments which, by self-imposed tortures, could be torn from needful rest, was a sore trial; and now that I look back upon this time, the amount of study which I did, under the circumstances, contrive to get through, amazes and confounds me, notwithstanding that my habits of application remain to this day strong and vigorous."

In after days, when retrospecting these weary hours of toil, is it at all surprising to hear him say, "Now that I am old in experiences, if not in years, it does somewhat move me to look back upon that poor and deaf boy, in his utter loneliness, devoting himself to objects in which none around him could sympathize, and to pursuits which none could even understand. The want of sympathy and encouragement, I now count among the sorest trials of that day; in the same degree in which I submitted to my deafness, as a dispensation of Providence toward me, did I submit to this as its necessary consequence. It was, however, one of the peculiarities of my condition, that I was then, as I ever have been, too much shut up."

Only think of this, you who have the smiles of appreciating parents, the encouragements of friends and teachers, and all the stimulus of academic halls to help you on—think of this poor student, toiling step by step, all alone and weary, up the rugged steeps of learning, till at length he reaches a position which *obliges you* to look up and beyond to deery his resting-place!

In 1823, through the liberality of some appreciating friends, a small sum was raised for his

aid, and he was placed in a public library, where he could read at his pleasure; some of his essays were also published about this time, by the same friends. So these weary days of toil did not always last; but of the many wearisome hours which the poor boy spent in mental labor, not one, we dare say, was ever lost, for a time came when he discovered his own power to minister unto others, even as he had been ministered unto. And then, how did the five talents become ten, and the seed sown in tears bring forth a hundred fold, blessing the world with its glorious harvest! In the more prosperous days which now fell to his lot, he was enabled to devote himself to the only pursuit for which he ever seemed to have a relish, and the only one in which he could hope to accomplish any thing, and not do violence to his feelings and inclinations—and that was literature. But even here his disqualifications in a measure followed him; as, indeed, it would in any situation, and under any circumstances.

Speaking of the disqualification of the deaf for the ordinary pursuits of life, Dr. Kitto says: "If a man without the advantages of any but self-acquired education, without the smiles of fortune, and without those well-doing connections from whom alone can be expected services which strangers will not render in helping him over the rough places of his career; if, in the face of want, trouble, and moral isolation, such a man struggles forth into the light from the outer darkness by which he was surrounded, and takes a position of honor and usefulness, we count that he has done a great thing; and we deny not that he who has among a thousand competitors distanced many possessed of all the advantages which he has lacked, must have done so by the exercise of great energies, unbounded hope, and unusual force of character. If this be the case with one who, whatever be his outward circumstances, has at least been in full possession of all the faculties which minister to success in life, what hope is there for one who sits in utter DEAFNESS, which, by *itself*, will be readily admitted to be a greater privation and disqualification than any which mere circumstances could bring? What hope is there for *him*, even though he be surrounded by the external helps which the other wants? And what if these two classes of disqualifications, the first tremendously difficult, and the other all but insuperable—what if *both* are the lot of the same man? Is there any hope for him? "No hope for this world," would be the answer of a thousand voices. And yet even for such a one there is hope; for Dr. Kitto himself testifies "that there is no one so low but that he may rise; no

condition so cast down as to be really hopeless; and no privation which need of itself shut out any man from the paths of honorable exertion, or from the hope of usefulness in life."

In the year 1845 there came to this already deeply afflicted man a pecuniary embarrassment, which caused him five years of great mental and bodily suffering. He was resolved no one should lose any thing by him, if he could prevent it; so he energetically set to work to meet every demand on him; he succeeded; but at the cost of his valuable life. And as proof of it, we need only record, that in 1849 his working days began at four o'clock in the morning, and ended at nine o'clock in the evening; this was labor beyond the physical powers of any man, independent of whatever mental qualities he might call to his assistance. This severe labor in his latter years reminds us of the time when, as a poor boy in the work-house, he toiled sixteen and eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. But it is gratifying to know, that in the space which intervened between the severe labors of his early and later life, Dr. Kitto enjoyed seasons of comparative rest and tranquillity, and found some alleviation of his sufferings and privations in foreign travel, in the prosecution of his literary labors, and in the possession and companionship of a family, which latter also gave him what he so much needed—a home of his own, where, without let or hinderance from the world, he could pursue his mental labors. Such quietness and composure as could only be found in a home of his own, was absolutely necessary to a man of his extreme nervous sensibility, who needed above most things a sort of freedom from care, and a security from the intrusion of the world.

From the time of the affliction which resulted in his deafness, to the close of his life, he never knew what robust health was, and a great part of the time he was no better than a poor invalid; so, judging from the amount of labor which we know he performed, his powers of application must indeed have been great. He had, however, even in the privacy of his severe home labors, his seasons of relaxation; at these times his little ones had what is called the "run" of his study, where they were allowed to gambol about and amuse both him and themselves as they liked. And what a tender cord it must touch in every parent's heart, when we hear him saying, "I have *never* heard the voices of my children!" It is true we all know it, but how terrible the thing seems in its sad reality! Again he says, "I sigh to hear the prattle of little children;" how could it be otherwise, unless the man's soul had been envel-

oped in a mantle of stoical indifference and selfishness!

On the fourth of February, 1854, Dr. Kitto was seized with a fit of illness which reduced him to a state of insensibility, and from which he never recovered sufficiently to resume his labors again. He was the victim of overwork and overanxiety; and it is really sad to reflect that a life so valuable, so useful, should yield up its all in the struggle with poverty, want, and trouble; and yet it is too true he was thus sacrificed. For it is but reasonable to suppose, that had he been less poor, his labors would, also, have been less severe, even had his ideas, such as they were, remained the same; for we know that he was almost stoically indifferent to his sufferings and feelings, when a sense of duty urged him on. Next to that complete resignation, visible in all he does and says, to an all-wise Providence, is the ever-present belief of his duty to work for God and man, with the same zeal as if he had been one of the most favored of mankind in all those things which minister to pleasure in this life.

Dr. Kitto died from home, at Canstadt, near Stuttgart, on the 25th of November, 1854, in the fifty-first year of his age, leaving a wife and several children in very straitened circumstances. Their situation has been in some measure bettered by a pension from Queen Victoria. It must have been a source of some solicitude in his later years, as to what would become of his family, and how his children would be provided for when he should be taken from them; and it is but an act of justice, that his widow and orphans should now be kindly remembered by the multitudes whom he so much benefited by his learning and labors.

Never before has the world seen, and probably never again will see, such an example of triumphant success over suffering, privation, and moral and social isolation, as Dr. Kitto presents to our view. For he burst the walls of a prison such as no mortal hands could have reared around and over him, and struggled forth into a glorious light; and lo, he increased that light, how many fold, by his industry, his piety, and a record of his supreme trust in the mysterious, yet all-wise Providence, who marked out his path in this world, and then gave him strength of soul so to walk in it, that all might be for the good of the creature, and the everlasting glory of the Creator! How much there is in his life to still the voice of murmuring and incite to action the weak and fallen hands, time would fail us to tell! Enough that he now rests from his labors, and his works follow him.

PAPERS FROM PHAETON'S PORTFOLIO.

PROBABLY nine readers out of ten will stop on reading our caption, and ask, "Who is Phaeton?" For the present we will simply say to those literary Yankees, *Guess!* you are reported good at guessing. An old school book says that Phaeton was the son of Sol; that the lad, on being told by another youth that Sol was not his father, went with the story of his wrongs to his mother, Clymene; she very naturally sent him to her liege lord; the old man, in rather a fitty mood, swore by the Styxian Lake that he would grant the confiding son any thing he should request. Like "Young America" in these days, the lad determined to produce a sensation while he was young; and, accordingly, asked the privilege of driving his father's fiery steeds before his glittering chariot for one day. As the proud youth drew the unsteady reins over the light-footed coursers, they took the hint and ran away. Soon the gods discovered that the heavens and earth were on fire, and Jupiter himself had to turn out to put a stop to the mischief. This he did by hurling one of his thunderbolts at the young gent, which threw him from the chariot, and plunged him headlong into the river Po.

Says one, That seems to be far-fetched. It is possible; but this is not the Phaeton who owns the portfolio. It is probable that you will think it easier to *guess* who Phaeton is, than to *guess* what he is trying to do; then I *guess* it is time for him to tell you. He is just getting ready to take a paper from his portfolio; but before he does so, permit him to say one word more. Phaeton has for more than one decade of years been running a race, most of the time on horseback; and if he does not stop, I feel quite sure he will reach the goal, obtain the prize, and ultimately "be crowned with glory, honor, and immortality, in a kingdom that can not be shaken."

PAPER NUMBER ONE.

I see it is dated August, 1846. About this time Phaeton was mounted on his trusty steed, ornamented and equipped according to law, with Bible, Hymn-Book, umbrella, and saddle-bags, *a la* seventy-six, en route for a trip around a four-weeks' mission, which lay in what was then called Northern Wisconsin. The trip was accomplished and the appointments all filled by a ride of about two hundred miles. The territory embraced in this charge was very new, stretching far over the smooth prairies, then slumbering in their pristine loveliness. The pioneer settlers were sparsely scattered through the old oak orchards, which

skirted these almost boundless flower gardens. The first impressions made by these unique and lovely landscapes, are indelibly graven upon the tablets of the writer's memory. Flora had scattered, with incredible profusion, all over these undulating meadows, flowers of every hue and almost every variety. There might be seen a family of "Indian pinks," with petals more gaudy than the paints on the face of a Menomonee beau;* yonder a bed of white pinks, and yellow "ladies' slippers," more delicate than the beaded moccasin that decks the foot of the Indian bride; and here is a cluster of wild "shooting stars," with corollas as bright as the scintillations strewed along the pathway of a flaming meteor; surely "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" western prairies.

The fauna of these wide-spread meadows were as strange and interesting to me, as the gay and fragrant beds cultivated by the Flower Queen. As the traveler passed along the borders of those little silvery lakes, he was frequently cheered by the loud, boisterous laugh of the frolicsome loons; as he rode along the banks of the meandering river, his horse was startled by the pattering, thundering noise of the wings and feet of countless numbers of ducks, in their simultaneous efforts to rise from the water, and fly beyond the reach of danger. In the fall scores and hundreds of prairie chickens—pinnated grouse—might be seen gathered into families. In the spring they are the most attractive to the stranger; at daybreak they may be heard a mile or more, cooing, cackling, and screeching, and the cocks may be seen strutting about like young corporals, or turkey gobblers, while their bare, bright-yellow cheeks are inflated to their utmost capacity. One of the most attractive prairie birds is the little plover. It is a delicate turkey-baby-looking little creature, has a sharp, whistling, though not unpleasant note, and seems to be the connecting link between the gallinacæ and the grallitoræ. There is another very singular bird belonging to the grallie family; it is commonly called the "prairie snipe." It is very shy, disappears as the country settles, and is about the size of a prairie hen. It has a delicately formed body and neck, but a very long, clumsy, awkward bill, resembling that of the apteryx. When it first alights upon the ground, it walks with its wings stretched high over its back; at the same time it utters a loud, shrill, boyish-sounding whistle. The traveler unaccustomed to it, stops and looks around, under the impression that

* Here the order is reversed—the beaux paint their faces, not the belles, as down east.

some "Hail-Columbia" juvenile is about to join him in his lonely journey; but if he would see the whistler he must look quickly, before the light sails of this prairie clipper are hauled down. Should the traveler ride too near this timid bird's nest, she will rush with a loud shriek almost under his horse's feet, and with broken wings and dislocated legs, hobble along before him, till he is towed to a goodly distance from her treasures; then, with a shrill, coquettish laugh, which answers well to an old-fashioned good-by, she flaps her wings and sails swiftly over the prairie.

I will describe but one more bird. This belongs to the grus branch of the grallac family; it is commonly called the sand-hill crane; they are from four to five feet high. This bird has a loud, discordant voice, resembling the filing of a large saw, especially when the bird is near you—at a distance the speech of this bird reminds one of some of those preachers who have not yet broken down with the bronchitis. In the summer they are usually found in pairs; but in the autumn they collect in large flocks. In the fall of 1846, while traveling over the prairies, I fell in with a large family of these loud talkers. I think there were over two hundred in the assembly. My impression on first seeing them was, that they were congregated for a *general conference*, and I have had no good reason for changing my opinion since. Such was their uniformity of dress, and such their manner of doing business, that I could not distinguish the bishops from other dignitaries. They seemed to have a great deal of important business on hand, and nearly the whole conference was taken up on committees. These committees were standing—neither the chairman nor secretary was permitted to sit—in groups of from five to twenty. In nearly every committee stood up a prominent individual, with unfolded wings, pouring forth streams of eloquence, like a young Boanerges. I was very anxious to be admitted as a reporter, that I might take notes of their proceedings; this was not a very easy task, as the old fogies were determined to sit with closed doors. I at last succeeded in getting a fair view of the conference, and their manner of doing business, though I was not near enough to understand much that was said. I, however, drew a few pencil sketches of prominent members; but as I am not an editor, I never expect to see them in the papers; and also a very brief and imperfect outline of the business before the body. I will copy a part of these minutes. That portly, good-looking group, with so large an amount of the *suaviter* in their compositions, is the commit-

tee on episcopacy; they have some difficulty in agreeing on a report, as there are so many in the conference that would make good bishops, if they could but "make their calling and election sure." That group on the left—pale-faced, hard-thinking, and clear-headed fellows—is the committee on periodicals and church literature. There, in the north-east corner, is a group of wide-awake, progressive-looking fellows; that is the committee on the presiding eldership, or, as some call it, "the fifth-wheel committee." And there, in the south-west corner, is a large company of sociable, whole-souled, and benevolent-looking fellows; that is the committee on itinerancy, called by some, in derision, "the great iron-wheel committee." Yonder, in the background, is a group of high-spirited, bellicose-looking brethren; that is the committee on slavery. As I was cautiously advancing to get the outlines of the majority report, very unexpectedly I heard a motion to adjourn *sine die*, and, *mirabile dictu!* it was carried *unanimously* by a rising vote.

Now, dear reader, I fear you have followed Phaeton over the prairies till you are weary; before I shake hands, I will simply say, this is the first day Phaeton ever asked to ride in the *Ladies' Chariot of the Queen City*, and if that critical, sharp-eyed Jove, who sits on the editorial throne, does not hurl at me one of his thunderbolts, I may live to ride another day; if, however, he should plunge me headlong into the river Po, you will look in vain, in the last chapter of the book of the "Excerpta," for the lamentations of Phaethusa, Lampetia and Lampethusa over their fallen brother.

FEAR NOT.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

LEAVING the pleasures of Earth untasted,
And all the paths of her pomp untrod,
Thou hast come, with the powers of thy youth unwasted,
And laid them down at the shrine of God.
Then fearlessly, faithfully utter thy warning!
Nothing can harm thee by land or by sea;
Vowed unto Christ in the dew of thy morning,
Surely thy Chosen will watch over thee.

Fear not, nor faint! the omnipotent Father
Never forsakes the redeemed of his Son!
Foes may beset thee, and tempests may gather,
Yet thou art safe, for He lendeth thee on.
Thine may it be from the mazes of error,
Many a wandering soul to restore;
Thine to reach safely that far land where terror,
Darkness, and pain are remembered no more.

HOMES IN AMERICA.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

IS there any lasting reason why American society shall not become the most pleasing and brilliant in the world? and is there not much reason why it should excel, in some beautiful aspects, the most polished circles in the world? It is said that there are no *men* and *women* in our society; that only the children here deem themselves fitted for that most natural enjoyment—social intercourse. And thus far it has been so to a great extent; for we are but a new people, and our men have been busy making fortunes, and our women making homes. There is no nobler occupation than the making of a joyful home; but our housewives have mistaken the truest and deepest meaning of the word *home*. They think that its success depends upon the splendor of its furniture, and the plenty of its board; and so much time they give to these objects, so much care they waste upon the external, that the lovely, intelligent *spirit* which should fill this fine form, is allowed to perish of neglect. If the mothers in those homes, so careful, so anxious to do their full duty to their daughters, would, instead of thrusting the responsibilities of society upon minds too untutored and inexperienced, too weak to lift it to its full height, support its graces and dignities at a height which should arouse their emulation, they would do better.

The woman who steps into society in Europe has no idea of resigning her place, just as she has learned to fill it. She retains the accomplishments of her youth, and adds to them the sweetness of womanly wisdom, the graces of experience. Says a writer, "The queen of beauty becomes queen of wit, then of intrigue, then of rare old times and anecdote." "In fact, the favor of these elderly women is worth more, for its own sake, than the smiles of the younger; for the former, never being old, seems in experience, have in their conversation all the freshness and vivacity of youth, with the wisdom and knowledge of years. When aiming no longer to fascinate by their personal charms, they grow really charming through their accomplishments of mind and manner. One sees every-where in these circles the queenly representative of fifty years gone, surrounded by men of rank and elegance, young men, too, who are drawn by a fascination stronger than beauty, from the court of the reigning belle to the court of the reigning intellect."

This would be a very delightful picture if we could forget that after wit comes intrigue, and that these women have no domestic education,

and know not the holy meaning of the word *home* as an *American* mother knows it. But why can we not have these foreign brilliances blended with American virtues? What an embodiment of all beauty that would form! What a little prophecy of Eden the house of every such a woman would become! and what an immense influence she, thus safe within her harmonious sphere, would exert upon the men that rule the world, yet who are really taught by her! Her goodness and beauty would win their love, her purity their reverence, her embellishments of manner their admiration, her good sense and wisdom their respect. No need for a wider realm, even for *her* ambition. The deep intuitions and more spiritual knowledge of woman, when her heart and mind were both under proper cultivation, would be relied upon almost as divine inspirations by those who might listen to the eloquence of her lips, and read the defense of justice and truth in her eye.

In those magnificent circles, where the talent, and education, and genius of the times are drawn together in one dazzling focus, as they are in the capitals of the old world, it must require no small measure of capacity of mind and intelligence to attract and fascinate the *intellects* of men, and sway even their political prejudices. If *this* influence was exerted by pure-minded and enlightened women, it might become as renovating and blessed as it were powerful. We say *enlightened*, because many a mother, whose sons would be swayed by her counsels—had she any to give—dwells in a heathenish darkness as soon as she emerges from the routine of dress, and housekeeping, and entertainment. And how does she entertain? Her guests are treated to a great glitter of silver table-service, and to a sight of costly furniture; because she can not feast them intellectually, she stuffs them with bon-bons; because she can not walk with them aside from the petty rivalries and displays of life, she gives them velvet carpets to tread upon. She has no soul-music breathing from her face and voice, of pure, joyful melodies playing within her spirit; so her daughter sits by the piano and executes the Battle of Prague. This daughter, without any profound respect for her mother's accomplishments, snubs her, and giving her a little thrust to one side, dashes before, to display her superior acquirements, and to teach the preceding lustrum that it is antiquated. Surely this is the parent's fault. Without any depth of development herself, how can she cultivate those noblest qualities that lie as dormant in her child's heart and brain, as if the germ was not there which might be made to unfold in wonderful fragrance and beauty.

The freedom of our institutions, if it exalts men, ought to exalt women. She should make the best of her glorious opportunities for expending her whole beautiful nature in the air of liberty, and beneath the eye of God. Like a star, she may gather brilliancy, and like a flower diffuse sweetness, and yet withdraw not a ray of her luster, a breath of her blessings from the "charmed precincts" of her home-realm. It need not be coarse for her to be strong, nor dangerous for her to be wise. It is not good in her to be weakly selfish, nor womanly in her to be foolish. Would we have the mothers of the sons silly and false in their estimates of life? We have not been pleading for brilliant accomplishments alone for our women, though they serve admirably as gold in which to set the jewels of her soul. We would plead for the full expansion of that soul, that we may behold it in all its loveliness, and gather help and inspiration from its finer perceptions of beauty and truth.

Says Emerson, in writing upon domestic life: "What idea predominates in our houses? *Thrift*, I suppose, first, and then convenience and pleasure. Take off your roofs from street to street, and seldom would you find the temples of any higher god than Prudence. The progress of our domestic culture is in cleanliness, in ventilation, and the countless means and artificial comforts of life; our houses are arranged upon a low plan; those of the rich are confectioners' shops, where we may find sweetmeats and champagne; those of the poor are imitations of these to the extent of their ability. Our housekeeping is not beautiful, but base. It cheers and raises neither husband, wife, or child; it oppresses woman."

How soon shall our American women be able to offer their guests rich cups of beautiful conversation, brimming with the wine of the spirit? How soon shall peace and beauty be the penates of their houses, in the places of thrift and ostentation? They must not chase so madly after wealth if they will but stop to gather up those other better riches, which will make them longer beloved and admired.

What a society we might have, if those, worthy because of their virtue, and winning because of their home-education, would take it into their duties to exalt their minds and accomplishments, and to become living exponents of the grace and glory of our institutions! If the Gospel of peace and the beauty of freedom are abroad in the land, let us see their luster emanating from the homes where the children receive their first and most lasting impressions. Here is a work for the sex to do. Let them make their homes truly beauti-

ful, and their sphere will adjust itself harmoniously; fill them with music, truth, love, and peace, and men will begin to believe earnestly in heaven, for they will be reminded of it and its angels whenever they step across the thresholds into the happiness of their homes.

OUR ENJOYMENTS, AND THEIR SOURCES.

BY OLIVE L. PARMELER.

THERE has been implanted in every human mind a desire for happiness, an earnest longing for something capable of affording enjoyment; and as this desire was given by an all-wise Creator, reason, based upon a knowledge of his supreme goodness, would assume that there had also been bestowed some source from which might spring this happiness and enjoyment so earnestly desired.

And this assumption is true; every-where around us is the proof of the existence of these fountains of good. The wide field of nature, beautiful and varied in all its works; the heavens above, gleaming with the reflected light from innumerable glowing stars; the earth beneath, with its vast wealth of inorganic treasures; and around our pathway the beautiful forms of animal and vegetable life, showing forth in all their creation the skill of Him "who doeth all things well"—these are all so many evidences of good, which is afforded every-where.

And this beauty was not made without special reference to what we can enjoy by means of the senses. How beautifully has the eye been adapted to light, so that the color, form, and beauty of outward objects are brought before, and often indelibly stamped upon the soul! how sensitive is the ear to every vibration of the air, conveying to us all the sweet harmony of sounds! how delicate the organs of touch, taste, and smell, revealing to us the form, properties, and composition of objects! Constantly are these our senses brought into action.

Nature is indeed lavish of her treasures, and spreads them before us with a bountiful hand. Wherever we turn our eyes, myriads of living, active creatures meet our gaze; their sportive movements, their constant activity, testifying their own joy, and also imparting corresponding happiness to us. But living animals are not all we can see; there are the many bright and beautiful forms of vegetable life—varieties from the crooked, knotty shrub to the majestic palm, rising solitary and alone; from the lowliest plant, just peeping above the ground for a few days, till

it dies, to the lofty, towering monarchs of the forest, which remain for centuries, seemingly little influenced by the progress of time. Nature also is never silent, but with ceaseless voice ever greets our ears. Even in the stillness of midnight, when all living animals are buried in sleep, and the flowers having closed their petals, seem hushed to repose—all is not perfect quiet. If you are awake at such an hour, you may hear the wind gently sighing among the leaves, and the zephyr softly whispering to the flower; or, may be, the quiet murmur of some little brook, speaking lovingly to the beautiful blossoms overshadowing its banks; and if your heart be tuned to worship, you may hear all nature breathing forth its incense of praise to Him "whose eye never slumbers nor sleeps," but is ever a shield over his works, guarding and preserving their existence. Thus are our senses constantly affected, and our enjoyment from these sources is continual; "neither does the eye tire of seeing, nor the ear of hearing."

But many and varied as are these pleasures, there are others we value still more highly. We have the pleasures of friendship, or those enjoyments resulting from intimate association with our companions. We are social beings, and take pleasure in the society of any one, even but of *kindred race*; but to have friends whose *spirits* are kindred to our own, whom we feel are worthy of all earthly confidence, and

"Who remember that thou art only man; who expect not too much of thee;
And whose forbearance unto thee silently teacheth thee to be considerate unto them,"

this is indeed a source of untold enjoyment which we all appreciate. How often do we turn from the busy, heartless throng, which we meet daily, to spend a social hour with such friends! and as mind speaks to mind, thought answers to thought, and perfect sympathy of feeling exists, do we not feel that this source of pleasure ranks higher than many others? And lone, lone indeed must that heart be, which has no such springs of enjoyment flowing around it.

The exercise of our benevolent affections also is attended with pleasure. To relieve the suffering and sorrow of those linked to us by strong ties of sympathy—and what is the human family but one great brotherhood—will always bring a feeling of satisfaction; and we have not only the pleasing consciousness of duty performed, but how often do we have returned to us double measure of reward, causing in our selfish hearts the additional joy of receiving!

And is there not also enjoyment attendant upon the acquisition of knowledge? Curiosity is a native element of the soul, and man's great joy is to have this principle of his nature gratified; and what is the acquisition of knowledge, but the seeking out of many of nature's deep mysteries? With what pleasure a child learns the first rudiments of knowledge; and as he advances step by step, from one steep to another of the lofty hill of science; now with the geologist, searching amid earth's dark caverns and mysterious deeps, discovering, at each advancing step, some new truth, or clearer illustration of an older one, then in the laboratory of the chemist, detecting, with his deep analysis, the hidden skill which transforms a piece of dark coal to the brilliant, sparkling diamond, or tracing, with his finite mind, reasons why Infinite wisdom created this world just as it is—how his pleasure, his true soul enjoyment increases! He is no longer satisfied with those trifling amusements or slight attainments which once gave him joy, but he longs to mount higher and higher, till he reaches that summit whereon Infinity alone may rest.

We have noticed a few, very few indeed, of the sources whence spring our enjoyments; and what a mighty pen must that be, that attempts to name them all! God, in his love and wisdom, has put to them no limits that we may perceive. Even sorrow has its alleviations—its share of good to overbalance the evil. Notice in the family, when one member is ill, how all the tender sympathies of the others are awakened; and how the many little untold acts of kindness and affection soothe the suffering, and take away the bitterness of affliction's cup. Even death, that enemy to man's happiness, most dreaded, comes as a welcome messenger to many; and as religion whispers of a fairer land, and affection of reunion, this cup is taken without one murmur.

And still a brighter hue is thrown over these joys, if we consider them, not so much as sources of enjoyment as mediums through which joy emanates from the great fountain-head of happiness—from Him who is all goodness and all love, and whose highest pleasure consists in rendering those who are dependent upon his bounty as happy as possible.

It is by these means that the better emotions of our hearts are awakened; and with what deep thankfulness should they flow out toward our Creator, now in youth, before our senses shall be benumbed by the cares of life, so that they refuse to look at its enjoyments—now, while he brings round us so many happy influences, and our joys are most unsullied!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MARY.

BY MRS. JANE M. MEAD.

LAST spring I listened fondly to the robin on the bough,
But he sings—that minstrel red-breast—most lonesome
ditties now.

Ah! then his voice was gayer—was sweeter in its tone,
For his heart gave back the music, the gladness of my
own.

Then, when the lilac budded, the violet ope'd its eye,
And the blue-bird caroled upward to gladden all the sky,
My belov'd one stood beside me; her cheek was red and
fair,
The life-light in her dark blue eye, and on her golden hair.

As I gaze upon her semblance, so truthful to the view,
I half believe the story of my loss is all untrue;
O, it seems a mocking vision—the mem'ry of the day
That her blue eyes drooped and faded, and closed their
lids for aye!

Her voice was more than music—my every pulse it stirred,
As no Bulbul e'er could thrill them through moon-flecked
shadows heard.

But Death uncaged my idol, and my worship'd one has
flown

From night to endless morning—and I am left alone.

Now half the world seems blotted from the once green
map of life,
And the winds that with soft music, glad music, erst were
rife,

Come wailing through the forest boughs and moaning o'er
the wave,

To hymn their dirges, sad and low, above my lost one's
grave.

She was lovely—very lovely—I deemed her half divine—
I was the sear and blighted tree, and she the clinging
vine.

I stood—a storm-swept willow, with its dead leaves on
the ground,

Its all of love, its all of life—the vine that wrapped it
round.

Now I care not for the sunlight, I care not for the cloud,
I care not for the scathing bolt, nor thunder roaring loud.
Let the tempest beat, and welcome, on my devoted head;
For the vine is dead that clasped me—I have no more to
dread.

Blithe spring has come to waken buds, birds, and singing
bees,

The laughter of the waterfall, the murmur of the seas,
The May-time shimmer of the wave, from golden sunlight
shed;

But never, never can it wake my darling from the dead.

WHILE here and there a noble mind
Shines, like the sun, to serve mankind,
How many shine to draw men's eyes,
And not to give them light,
Like stars that twinkle in the skies,
But leave the world in night;
Whose restless rays just show the place
They occupy in boundless space,
Till the benignant orb of day
Rises, and then they fade away.

Vol. XVII.—34

SARAH.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

THE last time I saw little Sarah,
And it was not long ago,
Her hair looked like golden ripples,
It shone in the sunshine so.
And her voice rang out like a robin
Singing when dawn grows red;
And her busy feet were nimble and fleet,
And now they say she is dead!

I can not make it seem so—
I saw not the stiffening limb—
The lips convulsed and rigid,
And the blue eyes glazed and dim.
I see her as last I saw her,
In her innocence and bloom;
I can not think of her, cold and white,
And motionless in the tomb.

She can not be gone forever:
Would the violets of May
Open their eyes so brightly
If she were gone away?
Would the fair young June come forward,
With such a triumphant tread?
Would earth smile so happy if Sarah
Lay in her bosom dead?

I can not make it seem so!
Would the birds so merrily sing
If her lips were sealed in the silence
That knows no wakening?
And I—could I be so happy?
For my heart is almost gay,
When I look on the bright resplendence
Of this beautiful summer day.

'Tis the gentle voice of Nature
Bidding me not to weep.
Why should we grieve for Sarah?
She has only fallen asleep.
She has lain down among the blossoms,
Tired out with her pleasant play,
She will wake again in the morning
Of God's eternal day.

NOT ALONE.

BY C. ERNET FAHNESTOCK.

Nor alone, not alone!
Though distant I be,
My spirit is happy
In dreaming of thee.

Thy love is a blessing
Wherever thou art;
In sunshine or shadow
The joy of my heart.

In the darkness of sorrow
How welcome its light!
It betokens the morrow
By gilding the night.
Now the rainbow of promise
Is over the sea,
And on the bright waters
I'll hasten to thee.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE;

OR, PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF MADAME DE
MAINTENON.

WHEN the poor cripple whom she had married for a subsistence was in his grave, Madame Scarron was reduced to poverty beyond any thing she had yet experienced. *Cette charmante malheureuse!* was the name by which she was commonly known among her friends. In vain various persons of distinction endeavored to obtain for her the renewal of the pension formerly granted to her husband. Mazarin was inflexible. "Is she in health?" he asked, and on being told "Yes," he replied, "Then she is incapacitated for succeeding to a man who was ill!" For the first few months the Marechale d'Aumont, Scarron's niece, lent her a room in the Convent des Hospitalieres, and sent her clothes and all other necessaries of which she stood in need. "But," says Tallemant des Reaux, "she made such a noise about it that the widow got tired, and one day returned to her relative a cart-load of wood she had ordered to be shot down in the convent-yard." This extreme distress lasted about a year. Mazarin survived only five months the burlesque poet who satirized him, and after the death of the vindictive minister, some one chancing to mention before the queen-mother the name of Scarron, she inquired what had become of his wife? The answer drew forth the further question, "What was the husband's pension?" The person addressed, foreseeing what was to follow, suddenly conceived the idea of magnifying the sum, and replied, "Two thousand livres." When Madame Scarron went to thank the Queen for her bounty, she overheard a lady remarking, "If this pension is granted to the most beautiful eyes, and to the most coquettish person in France, no better choice could be made." Her mortification was extreme. "Is this," she said, "the result of all the care I have taken to earn a reputation without reproach? The humiliating speech weighed a long time upon my heart."

Her annuity enabled her to remove to an apartment in the Convent of the Ursulines, where she had been educated as a girl. The five hundred livres over and above what her husband had received, she set apart for the poor, "if for no other reason," she said, "than to repair the officious lie of my friend." "She managed the remainder so well," writes Mademoiselle d'Aumale, originally one of the pupils at St. Cyr, who had received the account from Madame de Maintenon, "that she saw the best company, and was always well though simply dressed. She contrived to pay her

own board and that of her maid, and never burned any thing but wax lights!" Her dress was in keeping with the wax lights. Her confessor, the Abbe Gobelin, remonstrated with her on the elegance of her attire; to which she replied that "her gowns were of the commonest stuffs." "That may be," rejoined the worthy man, "but I only know that when you kneel there drops to the ground with you such a quantity of drapery that, most honored lady, I can not avoid thinking it too much." This combination of mean material with the utmost gracefulness of make is extremely characteristic. There was a mixture throughout, by her own confession, of vanity and humility, but of a humility of which the object was to feed her vanity.

Every one knows the striking saying of Madame de Maintenon as she watched the carp uneasy in their crystal water and marble basin in the royal gardens: "They are like me, they regret their mud." No one had ever felt more forcibly the truth expressed in the lines of Gray:

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain;"

and it is worth a hundred homilies on contentment to see this wife and bondwoman of Louis XIV looking back with a sigh of regret from the splendid palace of Versailles upon the modest apartment in the Convent of the Ursulines.

The death of Anne of Austria in 1666 came to trouble her felicity. The pension dropped with the life of its donor, and the repeated audiences of Madame Scarron with Colbert obtained her nothing more substantial than polite promises. "If I was in power and in favor," she exclaimed, "how differently would I treat those who were in want!" The solicitations of her friends to the king were equally unsuccessful. Of all the events that could have been predicted, at that moment, none would have sounded so wildly improbable to Madame Scarron as that she should one day be the wife of the great monarch whom she was suing in vain for a paltry pittance to keep her from beggary—none would have appeared so revolting and even impossible to Louis XIV as that he should marry the poor widow to whom he was refusing the necessaries of life. The defeat of his armies and the loss of his provinces would have seemed less humiliating to his pride.

Upon the birth of the Duc du Maine in 1670, proposals were made to Madame Scarron to take charge of the infant prince and his elder sister, who died shortly after. "I will not," she replied, by the advice of her confessor, "take charge of the children of Madame de Montespan, but if the

king commands me to take care of his, I will obey." The king gave the order, and she entered with zeal upon an office which was rather that of a mother than a governess, as the children were then too young to be instructed. She was careful, as they grew older, not to show them any false indulgence out of deference to their royal birth. In 1674 Louis XIV presented Madame Scarron with the estate of Maintenon, worth 15,000 livres a year, as a reward for her care of his children. He greeted her the next time he saw her as Madame de Maintenon, and she bore the name ever after.

Madame de Maintenon, so eager to please every body, could not be indifferent to the good opinion of her sovereign. But she did not at first succeed. The belief that she was a blue-stocking had prejudiced him against her, and an accidental circumstance confirmed him in the notion. "Madame d'Heudicourt," he says, "having innocently told him, on returning from a walk, that Madame de Montespan and I had talked before her in so elevated a strain that we got beyond her, he was so displeased that he could not help showing it, and it was some time before I could venture to come into his presence." In speaking of her to Madame de Montespan he used to call her "*votre bel-esprit*," and it is true that she was ambitious to excel in conversation. "My confessor," she wrote in 1669, "has ordered me to be dull in company to mortify the passion he detects in me of wishing to please by my understanding. I obey; but as I yawn, and make others yawn, I am sometimes ready to give up devotion." The mistake of Louis XIV was to imagine that her conversation was affected and pedantic. On the contrary, she had an extreme dislike of learned ladies, "who," she said, "were never learned but by halves, and that the little they knew rendered them commonly proud, disdainful, talkative, and averse to solid things." She taught orthography—then much neglected by the best educated persons—to her pupils at St. Cyr, but cautioned them against attempting to attain to perfect correctness, lest it should wear the appearance of pretension. Her rule for style was to avoid circumlocution and far-fetched phrases, and her practice was in accordance with her theory. All her letters are remarkable for simplicity. The Duc de Saint Simon, notwithstanding his hostility to her, admits that "her language was well chosen and naturally eloquent and concise." The effect, he adds, was aided by an "incomparable grace, and an easy and yet respectful manner." Madame de Sevigne, who had been much in her society, says that it was "truly delicious."

Thus Louis only needed to be better acquainted with her to be disabused of his prejudices; and she of necessity came more in contact with him when the three children of whom she had charge were legitimated in 1673, and appeared openly at court. An event occurred in 1675 which enabled her to improve her position.

The Dauphin was married in January, 1680, and Madame de Maintenon was appointed one of the tire-women of the Dauphiness. This lady had a profusion of hair, and Madame de Maintenon was the only person who could comb it without giving pain to her royal mistress. "You would hardly believe," she used to say, "how much talent for combing heads contributed to my elevation." But the talent was general. With her rage for pleasing, whatever was to be done she was always the volunteer who stood forward to do it.

"I hear," writes Madame de Sevigne, in June, 1689, "that the conversations of his Majesty with Madame de Maintenon only grow and flourish, that they last from six to ten, that his daughter-in-law sometimes pays them a short visit, that she finds them each in a great chair, and that when the visit is over they resume the thread of their discourse. The lady is no longer approached except with fear and respect, and the ministers pay the same court to her that others do to them." "As I have often said," Madame de Sevigne remarks a month later, "she has made him acquainted with a new country—I mean the commerce of friendship, and of conversation without duplicity or constraint." This is doubtless the true explanation of the singular charm which she exercised over him. His ministers talked to him of business, his courtiers uttered insipidities, all alike overwhelmed him with flattery, and the greater part had some interest to promote. His mistresses, who alone could venture to be familiar with him, owed their privilege to a passion which deprived them of his respect. But Madame de Maintenon united perfect ease to steady principle—treated him as a man without offending the pride of the monarch; brought into prominence the moral part of his nature; and spoke to him of his feelings, his faults, and his trials, with the intelligence of a confessor and the winning gentleness of a woman. Picture a sovereign worn out with state affairs, intrigues, and ceremonies, possessed of a confidant who was always the same—always calm, always rational, equally capable to instruct and to soothe him; never divulging any secret to show the trust that was reposed in her; never presuming upon her power, or allowing any selfish motive to transpire, and there

needs nothing more to explain why Louis XIV should have sought the society of Madame de Maintenon, and should be found sitting with her daily in 1680 from six to ten.

The Queen encouraged the intimacy. When any insinuations were made to the disadvantage of the friend she was accustomed to reply, "The King has never been so kind to me as since he listens to her; I owe his affection to her influence." The change she had wrought in alienating Louis XIV from his mistresses, and restoring him to the society of his wife, is described by Madame de Maintenon herself in a letter dated November, 1682. "The royal family live in a union which is most edifying. The King converses for whole hours with the Queen. The present she has made me of her portrait is the most agreeable circumstance which has happened to me since I have been at court: it is to my mind an infinite distinction."

A few months after the Queen had given this testimony of her gratitude she expired in the arms of Madame de Maintenon, July 30, 1683. Louis XIV was affected by her death, but his sorrow was neither excessive nor prolonged. When the eldest of his children by Madame de Montespan died at the age of three, and the King observed the distress of her who had been the real mother of the infant in every thing except bringing it into the world, surprised, perhaps, to witness grief for a being so young, he exclaimed, "She knows how to love; there would be some pleasure in being loved by her." Now he appeared to have no satisfaction in witnessing the emotions which testified regard for the departed. Four days after the death of the Queen, Madame de Maintenon, in her quality of attendant on the Dauphiness, joined the King at St. Cloud, when they all set out for Fontainebleau. The friend appeared with an air of deep affliction, and Louis XIV rallied her upon her grief, and made it the subject of some pleasantries! There was a Madame Herault, who lost her husband, and the Marshal de Grammont assumed a mournful countenance as a mark of condolence. "Alas!" said the widow, "the poor man has done well to die." "Is that the way you take it?" replied the Marshal. "By my faith then I care no more than you." "I will not swear," says Madame de Caylus, in relating the conduct of Louis XIV, "that Madame de Maintenon did not answer him inwardly as the Marshal de Grammont answered Madame Herault."

It is probable that the King had already notions in his mind which were not in keeping with the mourning countenance of Madame de Maintenon.

Madame de Caylus, who was one of the party, relates that the favor of her aunt rose to its highest point during the sojourn at Fontainebleau, that she seemed violently torn by hopes and fears, and that at last her agitation was succeeded by a calm. The niece plainly intimates her belief that it was then that the marriage was agreed upon; but the ceremony is supposed not to have taken place till 1685, though M. Lavalley believes that it was performed in 1684. A mystery envelops the whole transaction. Neither Louis XIV nor Madame de Maintenon were ever known to speak of it, and the other persons who were privy to the proceeding were no less secret than the principals. There is an allusion to it in two letters of the Bishop of Chartres, the director of Madame de Maintenon—one addressed to herself, the other to the King—but these were never intended to see the light.

During the life of the King it was convenient that the marriage should be tacitly acknowledged without being formally proclaimed. It prevented a thousand embarrassments and mortifications which would have arisen if the widow of Scarron had been installed as queen. But what could be the motive of Madame de Maintenon for destroying all the documents and letters which would reveal the fact to posterity? If she believed the marriage to be already notorious, the precaution was useless; and if she thought to render it doubtful, was she content to leave it a disputed point in history as to whether she was his mistress or his wife? Louis XIV could hardly have been so unmanly as to exact a pledge which might imperil her permanent fame; and if he did, it is a blot upon her reputation that she should have stooped to such terms.

Her original ambition was to convert the monarch. "When I began to see," she said at Saint Cyr, "that it would not, perhaps, be impossible to contribute to the salvation of the King, I began also to be convinced that God had conducted me to the court for that purpose, and to this I limited all my views." She never abandoned the mission, though the dreams in which she had probably indulged—of making one of the most ambitious, worldly, and vainglorious sovereigns the model of a Christian prince—must have been quickly abated. Her sustained efforts to turn him to religion have brought upon her with posterity the odium of that famous and impolitic act of his reign—which took place in October, 1685, about the period of the marriage—the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The popular notion, as we have already stated, is, that Louis, old, weak-minded, and superstitious, was frightened by the

bigotry of Madame de Maintenon into measures of persecution of which he would never otherwise have thought. Nothing can be more erroneous than every portion of this prevailing conception.

The King had been brought up by his mother, Anne of Austria, in the strictest notions of Spanish orthodoxy. He was punctilious in the performance of the rites of the Church, "and would never fail," says Madame de Maintenon, "to observe a fast, but he could not comprehend that it was necessary to repent, and to love God instead of to fear him." She mentioned as an additional trait of his character that he thought he expiated his own faults by being inexorable on those of others, which agrees with the description of Saint Simon—that he believed himself an apostle because he persecuted the Jansenists. Not only did he look upon Protestantism as heretical, but he also regarded it as an act of rebellion against authority, offending equally his monarchical and his religious notions. Urged by this double motive he was barely twenty-four when he began to sanction numerous laws and measures for the restriction of the privileges which had been granted to the Huguenots. In 1662 an *Arret du Conseil* was issued, forbidding the burial of any person of the reformed religion, except at nightfall or daybreak. This was followed, up to the year 1671, by a variety of *arrets*, prohibiting artisans from belonging to corporations unless converted; Protestant tradespeople from having apprentices; schoolmasters from teaching children any thing beyond the first rudiments of knowledge; and ordaining that not more than twelve persons should assemble together for the purposes of worship.

Madame de Maintenon was carried along in the outermost and gentler currents of the vortex; but she was so far from creating it, that all her natural tendencies were to tolerance and persuasion. The King sometimes reproached her with her want of zeal, and endeavored in vain to induce her to send away her Huguenot servants; "I had several," she says in one of her *Entretiens* at St. Cyr, "and I tried by the most effectual methods I could devise to lead them back into the right road, but I never hurried them to abjure their error. On the contrary, I often proposed to them that they should attend the sermons of their ministers. The King wanted me to *force* them back into the bosom of the Church; but I always answered, 'Leave me free upon that point. I know what I am about; pray let me be the mistress of my servants.' My conduct has hitherto been crowned with success."

It was represented to the King that having been originally a Calvinist she retained much of the old leaven. He imbibed the idea, and said to her, "I fear that the leniency you recommend to be shown to the Huguenots is prompted by some remains of attachment to your old religion." This, she states, compelled her to approve of much which inwardly she condemned. She professed that she groaned over the hardships inflicted on the reformers, but that if she intimated the least dissent she was accused of being a Protestant, and all the good she might be able to accomplish would be effectually stopped. It is here that we catch sight of the other side of the picture. Inflexible in many of her principles of right and wrong, her ardent desire to stand well with every body, and especially with the King, made her pliant and temporizing. When Louis XIV persevered in frowning upon her friends or her opinions, she usually ended by adopting his views. Thus her continual declarations, "that the Protestants should be converted but not persecuted," did not prevent her from applauding, and cordially seconding, one of the most odious of the tyrannical measures in vogue—the carrying off children from their mothers to train them up in the Roman Catholic religion. She herself got her relation, the Marquis de Villette, dispatched upon a long sea voyage, that she might wean his sons and daughter in his absence from the faith of their father. The daughter, afterward Madame de Caylus, relates that she was won by the promise that she should never be whipped, and that she should go every day to the Royal Chapel to mass, which she thought a beautiful spectacle. The treachery by which Madame de Maintenon possessed herself of the girl, and the motives by which she induced her to change her religion, are worthy of each other. The Marquis was indignant on his return; but in vain he demanded that his children should be restored to him. He ended by becoming a Catholic himself; and when the King spoke to him of his conversion, "he answered too dryly," says Madame de Caylus, "that it was the only occasion of his life in which it had not been his object to please his Majesty." To us it seems that he answered like a consummate courtier. "I do not ask you," the King used to say to the Protestants about him, "to abandon your faith, but for the love of me hear those that preach the Catholic truth." "It was rarely the case," remarks Madame de Maintenon, with wonderful *naivete*, "that they were not convinced." The Marquis de Villette had sense enough to know that if the constraining power was in the request of the King, it was necessary

to ascribe the conquest to the force of Catholic truth.

It is a remarkable instance of the kingly pride in which he had been nurtured, and of the difficulty he found in comprehending the barest rudiments of religion, that Madame de Maintenon states that he was shocked to be told that Jesus Christ spoke the language of the humble and the poor.

Of the general influence of Madame de Maintenon with the King, and the mode in which she exercised it, the Duke de Saint Simon has drawn a vivid picture. Louis XIV dreaded the imputation of being governed, and against no one was he more on his guard than his wife, just because she was commonly suspected of governing him. If any of his ministers appeared to favor her dependents, the jealousy of the monarch was immediately alarmed, and he would say sarcastically, "Such a one is a good courtier, it is no fault of his that he has not served such another, on account of his being the relation or friend of Madame de Maintenon." These rebuffs, Saint Simon avers, rendered her extremely cautious and timid. Whatever requests were made to her, she affected never to interfere in public affairs or to ask any favor, but she did not the less obtain by craft what would have been denied to plain-dealing. She and the ministers entered into a league to support each other and to outwit the King. If she met with an inflexible and rebellious functionary, she had the art of gradually undermining his credit till a more supple instrument was appointed in his stead. The King transacted much of his business in her apartment, but she read or worked, appeared to take no interest in the proceedings, and rarely uttered a word. Her reliance was on the minister, with whom she had previously concerted every thing. He showed the sovereign the list of candidates for places, and, if Louis did not select the person they wished, the minister would call his attention to other names, dwell on the advantages or disadvantages of each, perplex his mind with contending considerations, and drive him in his embarrassment to Madame de Maintenon. She in turn would plead incapacity, would commend first one and then another, and would at last contrive with an elaborate show of impartiality to give the preference to her adopted candidate. By these and similar artifices she disposed of nearly the whole of the preferment in France—"had men's affairs, justice, favors, religion, all without exception in her hands, and the King and the state her victims."

Such is the account of Saint Simon, a writer as

caustic as graphic, and who being a great idolater of rank and long descent, was especially envenomed against the widow of Scarron for having presumed to marry Louis XIV. Such elaborate hypocrisy, such sustained deceit, is opposed to all the actions, professions, and writings of Madame de Maintenon, and every person who has studied her history in recent times has arrived at the conclusion that the narrative is inspired by malice and prejudice. There is every appearance that she spoke the truth when she declared that she had neither aptitude nor liking for state affairs, and that even had it been otherwise, her direct interference was too much resented to permit her to do more than influence her husband through general maxims. That she may sometimes have solicited the interposition of the minister is extremely probable; the rest is the inference of an enemy who interprets her conduct by the evil dispositions he is persuaded she possessed. Of all the lessons she impressed on the pupils at Saint Cyr, there was none upon which she dwelt more emphatically than the duty "of simplicity, or that of being sincere, frank, and the enemy of the least duplicity." This was urged so frequently, that she complained at last that it had grown to be a jest among the girls, who would say, "Out of simplicity I take the best place, out of simplicity I praise myself."

She was no hypocrite in any thing. Her master foible was of another kind. From first to last she rises superior to all pretense, and strives invariably to be, not to seem to be, praiseworthy; but at the same time she would have been dissatisfied that what she was should have remained unknown. Vanity, as we have seen, was the ruling principle of her conduct; and much of the merit, and nearly all the pleasure of virtue, would have been lost in her estimation, if it had not been accompanied by renown. Most writers have vaunted her piety; her writings, her conversation, her practice, were a perpetual testimony to it, and her notions upon the subject were excellent in the main; but though we believe her to have been a good Christian, and to have tried sincerely to make herself a better one every day, it is in the intense and incessant desire to secure "golden opinions," and not in religion, that the *mobile* of her conduct will be found. She flattered herself that the wish to please men had been supplanted by the determination to think of nothing except pleasing God. Yet it is easy to be self-deceived as to motives, and her original frailty is forever peeping out. "You delight," said Fenelon, "to support your prosperity with moderation, from a feeling of blamable vainglory, and because you

like to show that by your character you rise superior even to your position." Her cousin Madame de Villette expressed sharply the same truth: "You are determined to be renowned for your unparalleled moderation, and you make your family the victims of your passion for praise." Her brother Charles d'Aubigne was a case in point. He applied to her again and again for preferment, honors, or money; and though she at length obtained him a gratuity, she was careful to impress upon him what pain it had cost her to make the request. She herself was indifferent to such things, but it was because her passion for praise was stronger than her passion for wealth. "I despised riches," she observed of her earlier days, and it was equally true of her latter; "I was elevated a thousand miles above considerations of interest; I wanted honor only." The craving for the honor which disinterestedness brings made it a necessity to divulge her acts of self-denial. "You would scold me," she remarked to Mlle. d'Aumale, as they drove to St. Cyr, "and say I am very wrong! Yesterday I might have had a hundred thousand francs a year, for the King spoke to me upon my position, and in a most pressing manner." "Well, madame, and what did you do?" "Nothing," replied Madame de Maintenon. "I told the King not to trouble himself about me. If I had chosen, it is certain he would have contrived to benefit me largely; but in so doing he would have annoyed and tormented himself, and that is not my business about him." In the same spirit, when in 1684 she had declined what was thought a very dignified office, she asked her niece, Madame de Caylus, who was then a little girl, "Would you rather be the niece of Madame la Dauphine's *dame d'honneur* than the niece of the person *who refuses to be so?*" "I replied without hesitating," says Madame de Caylus, "that she who refused appeared to me infinitely superior to her who should accept. Madame de Maintenon, charmed with my reply, embraced me tenderly." She has well said of herself that she did right actions from a wrong motive, and that all her other passions were sacrificed to this hunger for esteem.

"Who knows," said one day this "admired of all admirers," to whom incense was the breath of life, "whether I am not punished by the excess of my prosperity? Who knows whether, rightly interpreted, the language of Providence to me is not this: 'You have desired praise and glory—you shall have them to satiety.'" Weariness, both physical and mental, spread itself over her existence like a pall. "Before I came to the court," she said, "at thirty-two I had never known

what ennui was, but I have tasted enough of it since, and believe it would be insupportable if I did not believe that it was the will of God." Being in the place of a queen, she complained that she had not the liberty of a petty tradesman, and the description she has left of her ordinary existence at Versailles is a pitiable picture of

"Greetings where no kindness is, and all
The dreary intercourse of daily life."

"I must take for my prayers and for mass the time when every one else is asleep, because, when once they have begun to visit me, I have no longer an instant to myself. M. Marechal, the King's surgeon, comes at half-past seven; then M. Fagon, who is followed by M. Blouin, governor of Versailles, or of some one who sends to inquire how I am; then M. Chamillard, or some minister—the archbishop—a general who is going to the army—and a number of others in succession, who only leave me when the arrival of their superiors obliges them to withdraw. When the King enters, they must all go: he remains with me till he goes to mass. Observe that I am still in my night-dress; for, had I dressed myself, I should not have had time to say my prayers. My chamber is like a church—the comings and goings are perpetual. The King returns after the mass; then comes the Duchess de Bourgogne, with her ladies, who remain while I dine. I am not then without anxiety, because I am watching to see if the Duchess behaves well to her husband when he is there, or that she does nothing unseemly. I endeavor to make her say something obliging to this person and that; conversation must be kept up, and the company must be blended together. If an indiscreet word is spoken, I feel deeply for those whom it concerns, and I am uneasy as to how the observations of certain persons will be taken. In short, it is a stretch of mind that nothing can equal. The whole circle is round me, and I can not even ask for drink. I say to them sometimes, 'You do me much honor; but I want a servant.' Upon this all hasten to wait upon me, which is another species of embarrassment and importunity. At last they all go to dinner, and I should then be at liberty, if the Dauphin, who often dines early to go out hunting, did not take this opportunity to visit me. He is very difficult to talk to; as he says but little, I am obliged to furnish the conversation, and pay, as they say, in my own person. As soon as the King has dined, he comes back to my room with all the royal family, princes and princesses, and amuses himself there for half an hour; then he departs and the rest remain. I must still carry

on the conversation, while my mind is full of cares as to what is passing at the army, where thousands are perishing, sometimes in the siege of a town, sometimes in a battle, and the mass of bad news which arrives every day on that and a thousand other matters puts a load upon my heart which weighs me down, and which I must conceal beneath a gay and smiling air. When the assembly breaks up, some ladies have always to speak to me in private, and take me into my little chamber to tell me their sorrows; and this is done as much by those who do not like me, as by those who do. I am expected to serve them, and speak for them to the King. The Duchess de Bourgogne, also, often desires to converse with me *tete-a-tete*, so that God permits that the old lady should become the object of attention to every one. They all address themselves to me; they wish every thing to pass through me, and he does me the service never to permit me to see my condition under its dazzling, but always under its painful aspect. When the King returns from hunting he comes to me; the door is shut and no one is admitted. Then I must share his cares and secret distresses, which are not few in number. Some minister arrives who often brings bad news; the King sets to work, and if my presence is not wanted at the consultation, which is rare, I retire to a little distance, when I commonly say my prayers, for fear of not finding any other time. I sup while the King is still writing; but I am anxious whether he is alone or not. I am under constraint, as you see, from six o'clock in the morning, and am very weary. The King sometimes perceives it and says, 'You are worn out, madame—are you not? Go to bed.' I do so; my women come to me, but I see that they constrain the King, who puts a check upon himself, not to talk while they are present; or there is still some minister, and he is afraid that the conversation will be heard, insomuch that I make such haste that I am frequently inconvenienced by it. At last I am in my bed—I dismiss my women—the King comes to my bedside and remains there till he goes to supper; and a quarter of an hour before supper the Dauphin and Duchess de Bourgogne arrive. At ten, or a quarter past, every body is gone; then I am alone, but the fatigues of the day often prevent my sleeping."

Mlle. d'Aumale, who lived with her at court, states that she often exclaimed with a sigh as her curtains were drawn, "I can say nothing more than that I am utterly exhausted." It is evident, however, from her own narrative of her day, that all the weariness she felt was not inherent in the situation, and that much of it grew out of the

laborious effort to please every body, instead of allowing to herself and others a little of that careless freedom which is the charm of society. The real part she played at court, and which she had chosen for herself, is here disclosed; but to a woman of intelligence these days of tedious ceremonies, in which the mind was always being exerted without ever being interested, must at best have been vanity and vexation. A number of minute annoyances increased the discomfort. The King was inordinately selfish in his personal habits, and made every thing bend to his will. However ill she might be, she had to accompany him in his journeys, and she went once to Fontainebleau when she was in a state that made it doubtful whether she would not die on the road. If she had headache, fever, or any other malady, her ears were still stunned with music, and a hundred lights flared in her eyes. She dreaded air, and the King could never have too much of it. He would come into her chamber when she was ill, and in a profuse perspiration from the remedies she had taken, and throw open all the windows in spite of the rawness of the night. His notions of good taste were another cause of this exposure. "He thinks of nothing," she wrote, "except grandeur, magnificence, and symmetry. He prefers to endure all the draughts from the doors, in order that they may be opposite one another. At Fontainebleau I have a beautiful apartment, which is equally exposed to heat and cold, having a window the size of the largest arcade, without sash or shutters, because they would be an offense against symmetry. Do not suppose that I can put a screen before my great window; you must not arrange your room as you like, when the King visits it every day, but you must perish in symmetry."

Louis XIV died on the 1st of September, 1715. For thirty years, dating only from her marriage, had Madame de Maintenon led this dreary existence. The gloom deepened with time, the task became more arduous with age. The latter half of the long reign of the King was as disastrous as the former had been prosperous. His armies were routed, his finances were disordered, and, at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, a famine came to aggravate the distress. He showed a brave front in the midst of his perils, and the insolent pride of his earlier years was turned to dignified self-possession; but, business transacted, his only resources were fetes, journeys, and all the frivolities which lose their zest with time and sorrow, and upon the "old lady" devolved the burden of entertaining him. "What a punishment," she exclaimed, "to have to amuse a man who is no

longer amusable!" "I have seen her," says Mlle. d'Aumale, "weary, sad, and sick, divert the King by a thousand inventions for four hours together without repetition, yawning, or slander. But the interview over, she sunk exhausted with the effort."

When the King was seized with his mortal sickness Madame de Maintenon was eighty years old. Still she watched at his dying bed and continued her religious exhortations. He three times bid her farewell.

"The first occasion," she said, "he told me that his only regret was to leave me, but that we should shortly meet again. I begged him to think of nothing except God. The second time he asked my pardon for not having lived as kindly as he ought with me, that he had not made me happy, but that he had always loved and esteemed me. He wept, and asked if any one was present. I answered, 'No;' and he said, 'If it was known that I was thus moved on your account, no one would be surprised.' I went away for fear of doing him harm. The third time he said, 'What will become of you? for you have nothing.' I answered, 'I am nothing; think only of God,' and left him. When I had gone two steps I thought, in the uncertainty of the treatment I should receive from the princes, that I ought to ask him to beg the Duke of Orleans to have some consideration for me. He did it in the way in which the Prince stated on the spot. 'My nephew, I recommend Madame de Maintenon to you; you know the consideration and esteem I have had for her; she has given me good advice; I should have done well to follow it; she has been useful to me in every thing, but, above all, for my salvation. Do every thing she asks you for her relations, her friends, her allies; she will not abuse the privilege. Let her address herself directly to you for every thing she wants.'"

With all her opportunities she had amassed no money. She gave as fast as she received; and in the brevet of the pension of 48,000 livres a year, which was granted her by the Regent Orleans, it is stated "that it was rendered necessary by her rare disinterestedness."

About the time of her marriage with the King she induced him to found at Saint Cyr, a village in the neighborhood of Versailles, an establishment for the education of the daughters of the poor nobility. This princely institution, which contained two hundred and fifty girls, was the delight of her somber life. There were few days that she did not visit it, and all her leisure hours were spent in assisting in the management of the house and the instruction of the governesses and

the pupils. Here she had all that homage and honor for which she panted without their attendant inconvenience. When Louis became insensible she immediately withdrew to this sanctuary. On the news of his death arriving at Saint Cyr, one of the ladies announced it to her by saying, "Madame, all the house is at prayer in the choir;" the widow raised her hands to heaven, and, weeping, went to join the congregation. In a letter dated from her retreat ten days after her husband had expired, she says, "I have seen the King die like a saint and a hero; I have quitted the world which I disliked; I am in the most agreeable retirement I can desire." The want of tenderness which she seems to have inherited from her mother, and which, with all her amiability, was a marked trait in her character, is conspicuous in the scene with the dying King, where his tears, his affectionate speeches, and his acknowledgment of his errors toward her, are only answered by the cold and laconic admonition to think of nothing but God. Her premature departure before the scene had closed has been much condemned, and it must be considered a proof that there was no sentiment of the heart to retain her the moment her duty was discharged. The same unimpassioned temperament is apparent in her letter. The "saint and hero," the "grand monarque," the husband of thirty years, is less to her ten days after his death than the feeling that at length she is released from her bondage, and breathes freely at Saint Cyr. But it is late to begin to enjoy one's self at eighty years of age, and other cares pursued her in her retreat and disturbed her peace.

On the 10th of June, 1717, she was visited by Peter the Great, who had expressed a desire to see her. He sat down by her bedside and asked her if she was ill. On her answering, "Yes," he inquired what was her malady, and she replied, "Extreme old age." He had the curtain drawn back that he might get a view of her face, and, having nothing more momentous to say to the widow of Louis XIV, who had lived so long and strange a life, and witnessed so many and such interesting events, he immediately withdrew. The malady of old age is one of which the symptoms make daily progress, and on the 15th of August, 1719, having arrived at its height, she calmly breathed her last.

HEAVY burdens of sorrow seem like a stone hung round our neck, yet are they often only like the stone used by pearl-divers, which enables them to reach the prize and to rise enriched.

SOAP BUBBLES.

BY GYPSEY EARLE.

IT was a bright summer day when little Willie went out to play by the brook, which ran near the foot of the mountain sheltering the back of his father's house. The trees which bordered this stream were full of singing birds, and blue-eyed forget-me-nots and yellow daisies sprinkled the grassy banks. On a mossy stone the little fellow was sitting, with his cup and pipe in hand, listening to the birds—to the gurgling of the brook, meanwhile wishing he could catch one of those airy things floating on the still air and hold it in his hands.

Away he ran, fast as his little feet would carry him, over the stones and through the grass. At last he tired and sat down—gazed into the silvery water—dipped again his cup and blew new bubbles, each looking fairer than the other. Again he renewed his chase, ever pursuing but never attaining. The glorious pictures vanished just as he grasped them.

Thus he whiled away the long hours of that summer afternoon, and night found him still eagerly chasing the elusive bubbles. Poor child! As he saw the evening star rising the other side of the church spire and heard the evening bells chime the hour of prayer, he murmured, "How very short the afternoon has been! Now I must go home, and not one of those beautiful bubbles have I to carry. I wish the afternoon had been longer, then I could certainly have gained one," and sadly he returned home, shadow instead of sunshine lingering round his heart.

Is it the child alone that tries to secure the empty bubble, and of its fleeting beauty fashion a joy of never-ending delight? that thinks it a buoyant thing, which, if once his own, would safely carry him over life's surging billows? Ah! no. Manhood and old age pursue it with the same ardor as the child.

The pleasure-seeker spends his days and nights in boisterous mirth and reckless sport; the miser counts his gold by midnight's penny light, and as his eye rests on the yellow dust his fingers toy with the golden coin as loving hands toy with golden curls; the student's heart throbs with ambition; fame stands afar off, holding the laurel crown ready for the victorious brow. Each thinks the gorgeous bubble he pursues soon to be his own. He grasps at happiness, but, behold, vanity, emptiness, nothingness!

All these shall see the night of their long day come, and, like the child, find themselves wearied for naught.

But is there nothing tangible, nothing true, which man may seek and find? which he may guard when found as priceless treasures? Is there no fountain where the thirsty soul may drink and be refreshed? which, through life's pilgrimage, shall be to the spirit like fresh waters in arid deserts? which, when life's sun shall set, may be an earnest of an eternal life of joy? Ay, verily; for "the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

FOUR CITIES IN FLANDERS.

BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

GHENT.

AT ten o'clock on the 10th of July we arrived in this city, so interesting from its antiquity and its historical associations. After securing rooms in the Hotel Royale, in the "Place d'Arms," and dining at the table d'hôte, which afforded the usual variety of dishes and succession of courses to be found at a German dinner, we engaged a guide and sallied forth to see the town. He first led us to the Cathedral of St. Bavon, one of the finest churches in Belgium. It dates from a remote antiquity, having been founded in 944, although it was not finished till the beginning of the sixteenth century. The exterior is not remarkable but for the elegance of its tower, which rises to a height of two hundred and eighty-nine feet, and commands from its summit a magnificent view of the fertile fields of Belgium, intersected with canals and rivers, and dotted with towns, and towers, and villages.

The walls of the church are lined with black marble, brought into strong contrast with the pillars of pure white Italian marble, and the balustrades of the same material which divide the chapels around the choir from the intervening aisle. Over the high altar is a statue of St. Bavon in his ducal dress, by Verbruggen, and on each side are handsome monuments with statues of four bishops of Ghent. Four tall copper candlesticks in front of the altar bear the arms of England. They belonged to Charles I, and adorned the chapel at Whitehall, but were sold and sent out of the kingdom during the Protectorate of Cromwell.

In a low subterranean chapel, under the choir, is the tomb of Hubert Van Eyck and his sister, and in one of the twenty-four chapels in the side aisles and round the choir, is the celebrated picture by the brothers Van Eyck—one of the finest

pictures of the early Flemish school. It is The Adoration of the Spotless Lamb, and contains three hundred heads, finished with the delicacy and accuracy of a miniature. The Lamb in the center, as seen in the apocalyptic vision, is of wonderful beauty. Angels surround the altar, which is approached by four groups of worshippers. On the right are the patriarchs and prophets, while holy virgins and saints are in the distance; on the left the apostles—and in the distance bishops and founders of monastic orders—the towers of the New Jerusalem rising on the horizon. The beauty of the coloring is wonderful in a picture more than four hundred years old. There were originally six doors or *volets* to the picture, which were bought for six thousand francs by a picture-dealer, and sold by him to the King of Prussia for 400,000 francs, and they now adorn the Royal Museum at Berlin.

Another chapel contains a masterpiece of Rubens. It represents St. Bavon renouncing the vanities of the world and entering the convent of St. Amand. The saint, said to be a portrait of Rubens, is represented in armor kneeling and received by a priest at the door of a church, while below is his steward giving money to the poor.

In a chapel in the left transept stands a curious font—a globe of blue, around which a serpent is entwined. In this font Charles V, who was born in Ghent, was baptized, and imagination called up the royal infant, destined to occupy so prominent a position on the theater of this world's affairs—to sway the scepter of many nations—to issue edicts by which eighty thousand human beings were hurried into eternity. The helpless infant, the powerful monarch, the superstitious recluse, were suggested by that font of blue.

And then my eyes wandered to the banners of the Knights of the Golden Fleece suspended over the choir, and at once came the vision of that select company of kings, princes, and nobles, gathered for the last time in these walls, when Philip II, the deceitful, cold, cruel son of Charles V, held the twenty-third and last chapter of this order in 1559.

Seven years after and these walls echoed to other sounds than those of knightly debate, and looked down, not on the stately forms of the titled ones of earth, but on the angry faces and fierce gestures of a tumultuous rabble, whose gleaming torches cast a lurid light on the strange picture. Fine old paintings were cut in pieces, statues dashed to the ground, and the richly-stained glass of the windows broken by the pole-axes of the furious Iconoclasts. Rapidly was the work of destruction completed, and every church

in Ghent was soon stripped in like manner of the treasures of art with which it was adorned. A fearful price was paid for the excesses of this fanatical zeal. The unrelenting vengeance which was roused in the heart of Philip II, rolled waves of desolation over the fair fields of Flanders. The Council of Blood sent its thousands of victims to the stake and the gibbet, and the curse of Alva brooded like a terrible nightmare over the land.

The pulpit of St. Bavon's is very elaborate, but it is not in as good taste as some of the other carved oaken pulpits of Belgium. Marble *bas-reliefs*, supported by marble figures, do not accord well with the dark oak. A statue of Truth is represented as awakening Time, an old man casting aside the mantle wrapped about him, and presenting to him the Gospel with the motto, "*Surge qui dormis, illuminabit te Christus.*"

After leaving the church we paused at the base of the Beffroi—Belfry tower—built in 1183. The Belfry, in the Netherlands, has a peculiar significance, as the first architectural expression of the independence of its inhabitants. The feudal lords needed money for the Crusades. In supplying this want the burghers were enabled to purchase, as one of the earliest of their privileges, the right to build a tower, whose stately height and elaborate ornaments made it a symbol of their wealth and independence, while the iron tongue of the great bell was loud in its protest against tyranny, and clamorous in summoning the excited populace to united action. The lower stories of the tower were used as depositories of the records and charters of the town. The gilt dragon on the top of the tower was taken from one of the Greek churches in Constantinople by the men of Burges, who went on the first crusade as soldiers of Baldwin of the Iron Arm, Count of Flanders. It now remains a memorial of the conquest of Burges in 1445, by the men of Ghent.

The ponderous bell Roland called the citizens to arms, or from this lofty tower rang out the sweet chimes which, invented in the low countries, have ever there sounded their most delicious strains. This bell weighed six tons, and was encircled by the inscription, "When I ring, there is fire; when I toll, there is a tempest in Flanders."

This bell, an object of peculiar pride and affection to the citizens, was taken down from the belfry by order of Charles V, to punish the men of Ghent for their rebellion. Its iron tongue was no longer to speak to the people; but the fair city, then the largest and the most populous in

Europe, excited the Emperor's admiration as he looked from the Beffroi upon its spacious squares, its broad streets, its towers and steeples, and he asked the cruel Alva, who was advising him to raze it to the ground, "*Combien il falloit de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un gant de cette grandeur?*"*

The insurrection which provoked the anger of the monarch, was caused by the demand of Charles for an enormous subsidy to carry on the war against France. The "men of Ghent" put their city in a state of defense, and secretly made overtures to Francis I, who treacherously disclosed the secret to the Emperor. Great was the consternation of the citizens when Charles approached with a large army, and messengers were dispatched to sue for pardon. The pomp of the imperial entry into the rebellious city was not calculated to allay the apprehensions of the inhabitants. For six hours the stately procession moved on. Cardinals, archbishops, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries surrounded the Emperor, who was attended by barons, dukes, princes, and Knights of the Golden Fleece, arrayed in rich and costly furs, with chains of gold and bonnets adorned with precious stones, while ten thousand fully armed soldiers formed the body-guard. It was the hour of triumph for the despotic power over the democratic principle whose upheavings produced continual agitation in these Flemish towns. Sixty thousand strangers, with their fifteen thousand horses, passed on in solemn procession, and were quartered in the terror-stricken city of Ghent. A month of fearful suspense ensued, and none knew when the uplifted arm was to strike the blow. At length the imperial pleasure was made known. Nineteen of the ringleaders were beheaded, and then in a public assembly sentence was pronounced. All public property was confiscated, the charters and privileges of the town annulled, and the senators and burghers, clothed in black robes, were to kneel before the Emperor.

His last decree was most humbling to the pride of the "men of Ghent." On the 5th of May, 1540, the streets were alive with troops needed to overawe the indignant people, before whom passed a procession in humiliating contrast with the pompous pageant they had witnessed four months before. No prancing steeds nor gleaming weapons, no insignia of ecclesiastical pomp and power, no knightly orders, no costly furs or jewels; but burghers and senators in sack-

cloth, and a hundred citizens in linen sheets with uncovered heads, and halters around their necks, walking with downcast eyes through the streets of their own fair city. The Emperor, with the Queen Regent by his side, with crown and scepter and stately retinue of prelates and nobles, sat on his throne to wait their coming, and while they kneeled in the dust before him, uttering words of contrition and supplication amid groans and tears of rage and shame, he graciously granted them pardon, in consequence of the suggestion of the Queen Regent that Ghent was his native city. Unlike the infant Hercules, who strangled the serpents in his cradle, the infant baptized at St. Bavon's in the font encircled by the serpent, sent its venomous and deadly sting to the heart of the town that welcomed his birth.

A citadel was built to overawe the turbulent "men of Ghent," and eight hundred houses in the ancient quarter of St. Bavon were removed to give place to its rising walls, which afterward inclosed in their sullen gloom the noble prisoners, Counts Egmont and Horn. In 1570 this fortress was bravely defended by the Spaniards against the towns-people who, under the Prince of Orange, were endeavoring to throw off the Spanish yoke. Three thousand "men of Ghent," wearing white shirts over their clothes to distinguish them, attempted to take the citadel by assault; but finding the ladders too short, they prepared to renew the attack the next morning, when the Spaniards sent to capitulate. Terms of capitulation were granted, and the Senora Mondragon, who had commanded in the absence of her husband, marched at the head of one hundred and fifty men and a number of women and children, the sole remains of the garrison who had so bravely defended the citadel. When the States General ordered it to be leveled to the ground, the citizens, with their wives and children, worked with a right good will in destroying this stronghold of tyranny, the ruins of which may still be discerned from the Beffroi.

Leaving the tall tower which spoke so eloquently of the past—recalling the Emperor standing on the summit, and the "men of Ghent" clustering around its base, summoned by Roland's iron tongue to deeds of daring, we stopped in a store filled with ancient relics, old china, carved wood-work of rich dark oak, and other objects of interest tastefully arranged.

The Hotel de Ville next attracted our attention. Situated on the corner of a street, it has two facades of different styles of architecture. The one built in 1482, in the Muesco-Gothic style, is very handsome and rich in its details; the

* How many skins of Spanish leather would it take to make such a glove? In the French *Gant*, Ghent was the same sound as *gant*, glove.

other, erected more than a hundred years afterward, has three rows of pillars piled one above another. Here Mary of Burgundy, in mourning garments, with flowing hair and streaming eyes, presented herself before the enraged burghers, who were about to behead Imbre-court and Hugonet, envoys from the states, who had, in obedience to her instructions, entered into secret negotiations with the French king against the "Great Privilege," the charter of the liberties of Ghent. Youth, rank, beauty, and grief appealed in vain, and the rapid trial was followed by the swift execution.

More memorable was the assembly in 1576, when, just two hundred years before the Declaration of Independence by our national Congress, the representatives of Holland and Belgium met in this town-hall to issue their protest against the odious tyranny of Philip II, and with solemn deliberation to affix their names to the celebrated "Pacification of Ghent."

Not far from the *Hotel de Ville* is the *Marche de Vendrede*, the Friday market—the forum of ancient Ghent, and associated with many stormy scenes in its history. How many vivid pictures of the past are called up by this ancient square! The pomp and splendor with which the counts of Flanders were here inaugurated—the rallying of the guilds around their standards upon any invasion of their rights—the gathering, in the year 1300, of valiant men, led by John Breydel to the "Battle of Spurs" at Comtrai, whence they brought seven hundred spurs, as trophies of their prowess, from the defeated nobles of France—the fierce civic broil, when the faction of the weavers, led by Jacques Van Artevelde, the brewer of Ghent, encountered the fullers, and fifteen hundred corpses were left on the square—and the proclamation, forty years afterward, of Philip, son of Jacques Van Artevelde, as *Rueward*, or Protector, of Flanders. Later still this ancient square was lighted up by the baleful fires of the Inquisition, demanding their hecatombs of human victims. The lofty column, erected in the year 1600, in the center of the square, to the memory of Charles V, was leveled by the French in 1794, to give place to the tree of liberty.

The Friday market is thus called from the linen market held there on that day. On an enormous iron ring are exposed the pieces of linen, which, having been found defective, are confiscated by the authorities and given to the hospitals.

In a little street running out of this famous square is a cannon of the fourteenth century called "Mad Margery," after a countess of Flan-

ders, known among her subjects as the "Black Lady." The cannon, which perpetuates her dark memory, is of hammered iron, and is the largest in the world—being eighteen feet long, ten and a half in circumference, its bore two and a half feet in diameter, and weighing thirty-four thousand pounds. Made in the days of Philip the Good, it was used by the Gantors at the siege of Oudenarde, 1382.

We then went to St. Michael's Church, where we saw Vandyck's celebrated picture of the Crucifixion, which is very impressive. The soldier who pierced the side of the Savior is mounted on a magnificent gray horse, which is again introduced by the artist in his picture of Charles V at Florence. This picture hangs in the left transept, and next to it is a fine modern painting of the proving of the true cross in its healing a sick woman. Kneeling in the foreground, the hands clasped in grateful adoration, is the Empress Helena, in whom the painter has given a sweet portrait of Josephine. In the opposite transept are also two modern pictures of great merit—the Annunciation and the Assumption of the Virgin. In the latter the Madonna is borne upward by cherubs and angels; in the former her attitude is remarkably graceful, as she listens with a modest but joyful expression to the wondrous announcement of the angel. Her robe is of blue, with white about her neck, and she stands in a broad ray of light from the heavens.

We passed the fish market, on the brown stone portal of which is sculptured Neptune, and two rivers under the forms of old men—while the dropping of water is imitated in the stone; the fruit and vegetable market held in the open squares; and "La Grande Boucherie," the meat market of the town.

Near this, in the Place St. Pharaïlde, still stands an old turreted gateway, called the *Oudeberg*, or *Graeven Kasteel*, a relic of the castle of the counts of Flanders, built in 868 by Baldwin of the Iron Arm. In 1338 it was the residence of Edward III and Queen Philippa, who here gave birth to John of Gaunt, or Ghent, afterward Duke of Lancaster. An intimate alliance existed at this time between the "men of Ghent" and the English, cemented by mutual interest; the Flemish needing the wool of England for their cloths, and the English needing the stout arms of the Flemings in their wars with the French. Edward III called Jacques Van Artevelde "my dear gossip," and was induced by him to place the lilies of France on the shield of England; and Philippa stood godmother to his son Philip. Van Artevelde paid dearly for this royal intimacy.

After being for ten years the idol of the people, who were led captive by his talents, his courage, and his eloquence, he "set them of Gaunt on fire" by his wishing them to set aside the counts of Flanders and acknowledge Edward, the Black Prince, as their sovereign. On returning from his conference with Edward he was slain by the angry citizens in his own house, which was situated in the Padden Hock—Toad's Corner.

One more incident well claims a place in the chronicles of Ghent. It was the eventful marriage, celebrated with great splendor in 1477, of the Grand Duke Maximilian to Mary of Burgundy, heiress of Charles the Bold, which brought the Low Countries under the sway of the House of Austria, and prepared the way for some of the darkest scenes of history.

We entered the Church of St. Nicholas, the oldest in the city, and hung with the coats of arms of the nobles who have passed away. We saw the house in which Louis XVIII resided while he was in Ghent, the convent of the Dominicans, and the university, the finest public building in the town, founded by William I, King of Holland, in 1816, and attended by about three hundred and fifty students.

Ghent is a most picturesque town, with its quaint old houses, their carved fronts and fantastic gables rising stepwise, and ornamented with scrolls. Its shape is somewhat triangular. It is entered by seven gates, and it lies on the rivers Scheldt and Lys, whose numerous branches intersect it with canals, over which are thrown eighty bridges. Steps are placed at convenient distances, which the people descend to wash their feet or their linen, as the occasion may require. The tall smoking chimneys of Ghent attest the presence of commercial activity. The manufacture of cotton yarn was introduced in the beginning of this century, and in 1819 the spinning jennies and high-pressure engines, brought from England, gave additional stimulus to this branch of industry. When united to France in 1804, Ghent was considered by Napoleon the chief manufacturing town, after Lyons and Florence. In 1834 there was in Ghent two hundred and fifty looms worked by steam, and 19,000 workmen employed in the cotton manufactures.

We went to the door of the Beguinage, but it was only 5 o'clock, and the sisterhood were not to be assembled till seven, so we walked to a promenade along the *Coupure*, a canal cut in 1758 to unite the Lys with the Bruges canal. It looked most inviting, deeply shaded as it is by four rows of fine trees, and dismissing our guide we seated ourselves on a stone bench and ate some cherries

which we had bought by the way. We sat for more than an hour in this cool and refreshing shade; preparing ourselves for a visit to Bruges on the morrow by a diligent perusal of Murray's faithful and admirable description, and watching the movements of some boys who were plunging a pitchfork into the ground, and then gently moving it for a long time. I could not imagine what they were doing, and I fancied it some Flemish game, that I might introduce to the notice of American boys. I was quite disappointed when, on a nearer approach, I found that the little boys were getting worms for fishing—the stirring of the pitchfork driving them out of the ground. One little fellow had his *sabot*—wooden shoe—filled with them.

We walked along the canal and crossed a bridge, which led us into the grounds of the Society of St. George, where we watched the flight of arrows that some gentlemen were shooting far, far above a very high pole, on the top of which was fixed a wooden bird for a mark. This shooting with a cross-bow is a favorite amusement throughout the country. Near the *Coupure* is the *Maison de Force*—the celebrated prison of Ghent, which was approved by Howard, and which has served as a model for similar buildings in Europe and America. It is a perfect octagon, with the steeple of the prison church rising in the center, and the number of prisoners is fifteen hundred. It was begun under the auspices of Maria Theresa, but completed by the care and munificence of William I, King of Holland.

We readily found our way to the Beguinage, which is almost a little town by itself, surrounded by a moat and wall, and with its streets, squares, and houses. It was founded in 1234, and is the only large nunnery that survived the suppression of convents by Joseph II. We crossed the drawbridge, and entering the church found that the service had already begun. About six hundred sisters, covered with ample white linen veils, concealing all the person but the hands that held the rosary, were kneeling on cushions. At some distance before the high altar stood a smaller one, on which was an image of the Virgin, dressed in pink satin, embroidered in gold tinsel, a work-bag hanging on the arm, while one hand held a scepter and the other a white satin ribbon, a wreath of painted flowers encircling her. Five or six sisters in the choir sang the "Salut," till, at the end of half an hour, one of the Beguines rang the bell by a rope hanging in the hall, and the "six hundred" stretched out their arms and held them extended for one or two minutes, when, taking off their veils and folding them up, they

placed them on their heads, and pinning up their long black cloth dresses before and behind, they left the church. We followed them and observed two of them kneeling before a painful image of the Savior with a reed in his hand, and red spots, marks of the scourging, equally distributed over his body. Quietly the sisters entered the doors of their houses, small and venerable, with the names of their patron saints instead of their own inscribed on the door. Many of them are women of rank and wealth who leave their fortunes to the order, which, throughout Belgium, numbers 6,000. Bound by no vow, it is their boast that no Beguine ever returns to the world. They devote themselves to works of charity and benevolence, paying especial attention to the care of the sick.

On returning to our hotel we took tea in a pleasant room, overlooking the spacious garden of an aristocratic mansion, where some children were playing on the banks of the canal, by which it was bounded. The deep, full tones of the bell pealed forth—that sound which, in olden time, called to their meals the forty thousand weavers, who trod the streets in such serried ranks that no draw-bridge could be lifted after the first note of the bell, and children were ordered to be taken within doors, lest they should be trampled under foot. One would listen now in vain for the steady tramp of that vast multitude; but sweet music came soothingly and dreamily from the military band on the “Place d’Armes,” as in the calm repose of evening we hung up in the halls of memory pleasant pictures of the old town, its cheerful streets, its shaded squares, and its nooks and corners where still peep out the sharp roofs, curious chimneys, quaint gables, and mullioned windows, characteristic of the gloomy old homes of the “men of Ghent.”

THE DEAD.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

WHY should we only link our dead to thoughts of the coffin and the fettering shroud, and never surround them as we do the living with the light of beautiful fancies and sweet imaginings? Why should we turn shuddering away from the thought of those whose memory, when living, was a cherished thing, because the hand of the Merciful has given his beloved sleep? Are they not beautiful, those quiet forms? Is there not peace upon their pale brows and on their stirless lips? Lie not the hands lightly over the bosom, and is the slumber less happy than that

which falls with the night—shadows, because no dreams are haunting it, and because they wake from it in the shadowless sunlight of eternity? A little child, almost a babe in years, was written motherless. The father, with heart well-nigh sinking with its pain, took the child in his arms and carried him to the room where the lost one lay in her pale beauty. For a moment the little one gazed silently upon her, then lifting his radiant face exclaimed earnestly, “Beautiful mamma!” The father folded the little artless comforter closer to his heart and murmured softly, “Ay, beautiful—lovely in life, and surely far more lovely now that ‘the light of immortal beauty silently covers her face.’”

Yes, call them beautiful—our *beautiful dead*. Think of them always as at rest with the blessed. Think of the white robes and the tuneful harps; of the spirit wreaths bound about their shadowless brows. Think of the hands that bore the cross so wearily here, now lifted before the great white throne; of the voice that trembled with its tearful pleading, now full and clear swelling the chantings in the upper temple’s choir. Think how the feet that faltered and bled along a rough and darkened way, now tread the streets of that golden city where they have no need of the sun nor of the moon, for the Lord is the light thereof.

Mother! is there a household name that was once upon thy lips like this very breath, but now is only uttered with tears and trembling, so saddening it has grown with its visions of the churchyard marbles? Is the cradle empty, mother? Did the little hand waste and stiffen and slip slowly away from thy clasp; and the little waxen limbs, so tenderly folded away from the cold, are they crumbling under the daisies? Have you seen the quivering eyes upturned to your face as if pleading with you to save your baby from its agony? Ah! yes; and the baby is dead now—dead, and all the living seem not half so dear as “the little hindering thing” that is gone. Yet “it is well with the child.” The little wandering lamb is safe within the fold, instead of crossing these bleak and wintery moors of life. Lay the tiny hands upon its breast, there will be no cross for them to bear; close the waxen lids over the eyes that will never look upon sorrow; kiss the dear lips that never learned to syllable our earthly words, and say thankfully, “Ah! the blessed baby! it has gone to the beautiful dead.”

Gone hence! Gone to the deathless land! Why do we call this green earth, all dotted as it is with graves, “the land of the living?” Why do we say of our beloved, they are still in the land of the living, while they wander here where

sweetest anthems die away in sobbings low? Ah! they who reach that "land of the living," go no more out forever. There is a city whose inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; there is a land over whose flowers the shadow of the destroyer never falls, "and there is no night there." They are there, our beautiful, our blessed dead, and in the hereafter, when the sun of our little life goes down behind the mountains of eternity, we shall join them in that land of the living, and when the sea is past it will matter not how mournfully its billows once moaned upon the shore.

THE BLUES.

BY H. P. GOULD.

WHENEVER you feel an attack of the blues,
Your troubles are coming to pass!
They'll put a man out of his head and his shoes,
And set him on walkers of glass!*
You're shrinking, and quaking,
And feel yourself breaking,
With all you've on earth dropping through;
Your wife's going crazy,
Your servants are lazy,
Your children, destruction to you!
The market is passing, your ships on the deep,
The winds blowing each the wrong way;
Your grass is all up, but the mowers asleep;
For you there'll be no making hay.
Your funds are fast sinking,
Your enviers winking,
Your debtor your presence eschews;
Your friend answers curtly,
Your menial portly,
And ingrates your kindness abuse.
Your wealth—though you've millions secure as the poles—
Is melting and passing like dew;
Your storehouse is empty, your purse full of holes,
And soon to contain not a sou!
Your agent's untrusty,
Your creditor crusty,
The lawyer'll grow big on your loss:
All men are deceiving,
Deep subtleties weaving,
To change your fine gold into dross!
You're sick; no one cares for you, body or soul;
No eye your deep malady sees;
The doctor makes charges, but can't make you whole;
He dares not pronounce your disease!
Your flesh—though you're weighing
Round hundreds—decaying,
Is dwindling you down to a shade!
When dreamless you're sleeping,
There'll be no warm weeping
Where low your poor head must be laid.

* A venerable gentleman who lived in the early home of the writer, being subject to frequent attacks of hypochondriac depression, became, at such times as the fit was on him, possessed of the monomaniac notion, that his lower limbs were vitrified, when he assumed a melancholy, appealing expression, and a stiff, careful gait, as if afraid of breaking down.

The earth's hard and sterile, the skies o'er it frown,
And quenched is the spirit of joy;
The whole world is suddenly turned upside down;
And all for your special annoy!
Some sly cacodemon
May show you the beam on
Which you may slip out of the blues;
Then bid him behind you!
And let him not find you
The ninny to swing in his noose!
But turn a new leaf; vanquish SELF on the spot;
Your blessings sum up for one day;
And learn, that what makes the dire crook in your lot,
Is, viewing life's end the wrong way!
Go look at your neighbor,
Who lives by his labor,
That sweetens his rest and his board!
He's cheery and healthy,
His heart warm and wealthy
In gold that no coffers can hoard.

His household are happy as birds of the spring;
His soul hath its treasure on high;
While peacefully trusting his Maker and King
To grant—to reclaim—to deny.
Would clouds pending o'er him
Dark shades cast before him—
Wild specters infesting the way—
A glory transcending
All nature's is lending
A lamp for him, brighter than day.
O gird up your spirit, life's end to fulfill,
And lift your cold eye from the clod!
Henceforth let your troubles, your wishes, your will,
Be hushed on the footstool of God.
Repining is sinning;
But what is it winning?
And, what are you seeking for more?
Each querulous murmur
But shows one infirmer,
And leaves his state worse than before.

Look high to the hills, that your prize may be won;
Your heart of its wile disabused;
Go bathe in the River of Light from the Sun
To bleach, and be healed of the blues!
For fields fair and blooming
Spring up from your glooming,
And clear the black Slough of Despond!
Sour thoughts and suspicion
Mend no one's condition
For time, or the shore that's beyond.

To glorify God, was the purpose sublime,
For which—as a being august—
He sent you to work back your passage from time,
His gem, sparkling up through the dust.
And though you now grovel
In this clayey hovel,
Its clefts breathe in whispers of love;
Be hopeful and humble,
And when it must crumble,
Your home is a mansion above!

An epigram is like a bee, a thing
Of little size, with honey and a sting.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

I FANCY this is to be an article which will arrest the attention of the lady readers of the Repository. Not from any intrinsic merit it is to have—for I disavow here at the beginning any intention to make it a very ponderous, or even a very elegant essay. But then—it's no use to deny it—the ladies do love to have their fortunes told, and to hear discussed the mysteries of magic. Is it not so? I ask any lady who may get thus far along the page—no matter how full of facts and good solid prose she may now be—was there not a time, my dear madam, when you longed, O! so longingly, to have some good fairy, or some brown gipsy, or even some bearded and long-robed ogre whisper in your ear whether or no a certain event in your history was really going to make or mar your happiness? whether a certain young gentleman did really love *you*, and no one else? whether it was to be this year or next?

It is no use to deny it, we all have a weakness that way; and not one of us, grave, sober, bearded men, as well as charming and simple-hearted women, but would gladly take a peep into futurity, and ascertain beforehand what fate has in store for us. And, for fear that some kind reader will think me ungenerous in thus parading before the public eye a general weakness, I will make haste to own, myself, that I have this curious curiosity to no inconsiderable extent; and even farther, that but a very little while ago there was a time when I would have given freely, and without stint, could some veritable seventh son of a seventh son have told me whether—There, I am not going to tell any thing further about myself, or my desires for knowledge. I know it *all* now, and would laugh at the beard of any seventh son of a seventh son who should call on me with oracular purposes.

And now, having by this little preliminary chat established the proper acquaintance between the lady reader and the writer, that individual will go on, in the grave and even tenor of his essay. It is a fact that all men, of all nations, from the earliest times to the present, have not only experienced a desire to know somewhat of the future, which God, in his great mercy, has hidden from us; but have also very generally, and according to the degree of their ignorance, more or less devoutly believed in the possibility of by some means withdrawing the curtain which is hung between our longing visions and that future. "An undue opinion of our own importance in the

scale of creation, is at the bottom of all our unwarrantable notions of this kind," says a late writer on these human follies. And he therefore goes on to speak of the possibility of worms also entertaining just such preposterous ideas of their individual importance; and even supposes the case of an angle-worm, who sees in the meteor shooting across the sky a warning that the tomtit is hovering near, to gobble it up.

How intensely silly, and selfish, and conceited, and arrogant it is, in fact, in any mortal man or woman, to suppose that stars attend upon the birth, guide the progress in life, foretell events in that life, and augur the death of any individual of the millions who people our earth! And yet—we have all a hankering that way; and if it were only fashionable to visit fortune-tellers, and these worthies would appear to us in clean linen and in respectable parts of the town, what audiences they would have, to be sure! How we would all go, and listen, and laugh, and in our secret hearts believe!

Just as did our forefathers, who have practiced for their behoof all the various sciences of astrology, augury, necromancy, geomancy, palmistry, and divination of every kind. It is curious to know how varied were the means made use of by different nations, ancient and modern, to open up the future. In the *Magastomancer*, a standard work on the subject of magic, no less than fifty-two modes are mentioned by which a man might know if he or his should have good fortunes or bad, in life. They are enumerated as follows:

Stereomancy, or divining by the elements.

Aeromancy, or divining by the air.

Pyromancy, by fire.

Hydromancy, by water.

Geomancy, by earth.

Theomancy, pretending to divine by the revelation of the Spirit, and by the Scriptures, or word of God.

Demonomancy, by the aid of devils and evil spirits.

Idolomancy, by idols, images, and figures.

Psychomancy, by the soul, affections, or dispositions of men.

Anthropomancy, by the entrails of human beings.

Theriomancy, by beasts.

Ornithomancy, by birds.

Ichthyomancy, by fishes.

Botanomancy, by herbs.

Lithomancy, by stones.

Kleromancy, by lots.

Oneiromancy, by dreams.

- Onomancy*, by names.
- Arithmancy*, by numbers.
- Logarithmancy*, by logarithms.
- Sternomancy*, by the marks from the breast to the belly.
- Gastromancy*, by the sound of, or marks upon the belly.
- Omphalomancy*, by the naval.
- Chiromancy*, by the hands.
- Podomancy*, by the feet.
- Onchyomancy*, by the nails.
- Cephalonomancy*, by asses' heads.
- Tephromancy*, by ashes.
- Kapnomancy*, by smoke.
- Knissomancy*, by the burning of incense.
- Ceromancy*, by the melting of wax.
- Lecanomancy*, by basins of water.
- Katoptromancy*, by looking-glasses.
- Chartomancy*, by writing in papers, and by Val-
entines.
- Macharomancy*, by knives and swords.
- Crystallomancy*, by crystals.
- Dactylomancy*, by rings.
- Koskinomancy*, by sieves.
- Azinomancy*, by saws.
- Chalkomancy*, by vessels of brass, or other
metal.
- Spatilomancy*, by skins, bones, etc.
- Astronomancy*, by stars.
- Sciomancy*, by shadows.
- Astragalomancy*, by dice.
- Oinomancy*, by the lees of wine.
- Sycomancy*, by figs.
- Tyromancy*, by cheese.
- Alphitomancy*, by meal flour, or bran.
- Krithomancy*, by corn or grain.
- Alectromancy*, by cocks.
- Gyromancy*, by circles.
- Lamphadomancy*, by candles and lamps.

The modes most practiced, however, are astrology, divination, and necromancy. The last consisted in calling up the spirits of the dead, and forcing them to answer questions. This seems to have been a very ancient rite. The spirit of Saul was called up by the witch of Endor. The practice of necromancy has ever, even where most practiced, been called a great or horrible crime, and most nations where this superstition has found place, have instituted laws severely punishing the perpetrators of it. The stake or the gallows was the fate of the necromancer of the middle ages, if convicted. Yet many of the most learned men of those days, as Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, and Arnold of Villeneuve, were accused by the public, and probably with justice, of indulging in these practices.

The Jews, the Egyptians, the Chaldeans—these were, it is said, the first astrologers—the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Gauls, the Celts, the Angles, the Indians, the Africans, the savages of Oceanica, the Hindoos, Arabs, and Chinese—all and each have practiced divination in some form. The most remarkable and respectable form seems to be that by which the stars are made to tell in advance events of importance. Astrology has numbered among its votaries some of the most learned men of their day. Astrology and alchemy often went together. The astrologer was alchemist—the alchemist looked also after the stars. Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, Dr. Dee, and the Rosicrucians, all laid as much stress upon their power of telling of the future, as upon their pretended possession of the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life. In fact, of what use would it be to swallow the famed elixir, and live forever, if they were to gain no further knowledge of the events which were to come to pass in that long-enduring ever?

From early times we read of astrologers being sheltered and patronized by rulers, and munificently rewarded when they were wise enough to make their predictions tally with the humors or wishes of their masters. But the great ones of the tribe had numerous followers and imitators, who found it a profitable and, alas! creditable business, to go about among the people and cast nativities and foretell the future, prognosticate happy or unhappy marriages, ascertain fortunate seasons for setting out on new enterprises, explain omens, construe dreams, find stolen goods, and in every other possible way administer to the credulity of the people, and benefit their own pockets. Such was the strength of the fashion in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in Europe, that astrologers and soothsayers were counseled on all occasions, trivial as well as important, and from the setting up of a cobbler's shop to the marching of an army, the man of magic had the ordering of it all.

It is lamentable, and sometimes comical too, to find the greatest minds of their age stooping with a childlike faith to the practice of incantations, and not daring to put in practice that which their wise heads had conceived, without first having a conjurer to bid them Godspeed, and nerve their strong arms for action. We read that in the times of the English Charles I, the most learned, noble, and distinguished characters did not hesitate openly to consult astrologers. Lilly, who flourished in those days, was, during the Rebellion, publicly received, welcomed, and feasted by General Fairfax, commander of the troops. The

General "hoped their art was lawful and agreeable to God's word, but he did not understand it himself!" How should he, simple-hearted soldier!

This Lilly, who wrote a *Memoir of his Life and Times*, upon the triumph of Cromwell—whose overthrow he had prophesied—came over to that faith, and states that when he went to Scotland, he saw a soldier standing in front of the army with a book of prophecies in his hand, exclaiming to the several companies, as they passed by him, "Lo! hear what Lilly saith! You are in this month promised victory! Fight it out, brave boys, and then read that month's prediction!"

To show how utterly senseless was the trash with which this really celebrated astrologer imposed upon the people, and their rulers, here is a sample from his book:

"In the year 1588 there was a prophecy printed in Greek characters, exactly deciphering the long troubles of the English nation, from 1641 to 1660. And it ended thus: 'And after him shall come a dreadful man, and with him a royal G, of the best blood in the world; and he shall have the crown, and shall set England on the right way, and put out all heresies.'"

And then follows the elucidation of this oracular absurdity:

"Monkery being extinguished above eighty or ninety years, and the Lord General's name being Monk, is the dead man. The royal G or C—it is gamma in the Greek, intending C in the Latin, being the third letter in the alphabet—is Charles II, who for his extraction may be said to be of the best blood of the world."

The science, as it was then called, flourished in France, Germany, and Italy, to even a greater extent than in Britain. Louis XI entertained great numbers of astrologers at his court. Catherine de Medicis was always surrounded by a crowd of Italian fortune-tellers of various kinds. The greatest of all his tribe, of his time, the celebrated Nostradamus, was physician to Henry II, husband of Catherine de Medicis. He did not become known till he had passed his fiftieth year. A collection of prophecies known as *The Centuries*, written in verse, obscurely, and in almost unintelligible language, first drew attention toward him. Once famous, all manner of honors were heaped upon him; eminent men from all parts of the world came to see him; and the great of the earth consulted him with confidence. Singularly enough, his *Centuries* remain in print and circulation in parts of France, and the Walloon portion of Belgium, where the superstitious among the lower classes pay great attention to them.

An astrologer of note was called by Marshal Bassompierre to reside in the palace, about the time of Louis XIV's birth, in order to draw the horoscope of that prince as soon as possible after his birth. Being prepared, he received notice the instant the child was born; and being a sensible man, his astrological observations resulted in the three words—*diu, dure, feliciter*—by which was insinuated that the prince should live and reign long, with much labor and great glory. Of course so favorable a prophecy was much more sumptuously rewarded than would have been one more equivocal.

It has been stated before that many men, really eminent in scientific pursuits, in their day, were also practitioners of divers forms of divination. It seems strange that men of mind and knowledge should permit themselves to enter into such charlatanry. The great astronomer, Kepler, gave probably the reasons which influenced many of his compeers, as well as himself. Sending a copy of his *Ephemerides*, a series of pretended prophecies, to Professor Gerlach, he said, "They are nothing but worthless conjectures; but he was obliged to devote himself to them or he would have starved." "The scanty reward of an astronomer would not provide him with bread, if men did not entertain hopes of reading the future in the heavens."

The palmiest days of astrology, and magic, and kindred superstitions, are past. Yet there is among the ignorant of the present day a great amount of silly superstition connected with the interpreting of dreams, the explaining of omens, and other ways of discovering the future. The French peasant believes it "unlucky" to walk under a ladder; if, on walking out at early dawn, he should meet a sow or an ass, that day is an unfortunate one; and the peasant maiden, who dreams of a rose, fears disappointment of some cherished hope; while, singularly enough, her English friend will rejoice over the same dream, as betokening every happiness. The old superstition that thirteen is an unlucky number, still maintains its hold upon the minds of even otherwise intelligent people. It is thought, namely, that where thirteen sit down to dinner, one would die before the expiration of the year. So extensive was the belief in this folly, even lately, that poets and wits have brought their arms to bear upon the ancient superstition. Dr. Kitchener said, justly enough, that the only time when it was a misfortune for thirteen to sit down to dinner was when there was dinner sufficient for but twelve. And Beranger, the poet, has written an exquisite song, *Thirteen at Table*. He relates how, seated at dinner, he spills the salt—and looking around

in alarm, discovers that he is the thirteenth at table. He is of course instantly tormented with visions of impending misfortune; in the midst of which death himself appears before him—not as a skeleton foe, armed with many terrors, but as an angel of light, who shows him the folly of being alarmed in mind about that which is after all but a welcome laying down of the burden and trouble of life—a rest from many labors.

There are good omens as well. It is good to meet a piebald horse, and, strange to say, to meet two at once is yet more fortunate. Should such a piece of good fortune be vouchsafed to any reader of this paper, let that person immediately spit thrice upon the ground, and at the same instant form any reasonable wish, and that wish—I state it upon the authority of a very ancient and venerable tradition—will be fulfilled in three days. It is also an evidence of approaching good fortune if you put on your stockings wrong side out. But—here is a caveat—if you do this on purpose, the oracle says it will be of no avail. If you sneeze twice you may be merry. But a third sneeze will change all the previous good luck to bad. If a strange dog should follow you, you have some good luck in store. But should a strange cat frequent your house, that is an omen of trouble. Thus we might go on to an extent which would no doubt be very displeasing to the editor of this periodical—for the list of omens is almost inexhaustible, and the superstitions of different ages and nations have found a presage, sad or glad, in almost every thing human or animal, living or lifeless, natural or artificial.

Then there are charms, in which young ladies are said to dabble even to this day. The writer of this article was a few days ago favored with a piece of wedding-cake, nicely done up in silver paper, and tied about with white silk ribbon, which a dainty little note, on gilt-edged paper, informed him was to be placed beneath his pillow for three nights, the dreams ensuing having a peculiar significance. I may add here that the directions were implicitly followed, but, awkwardly enough, the nights passed without dreams.

Then there are the ceremonies of Hallow Eve, and those on Candlemas Eve, and Midsummer Eve, and on various other special occasions, when, it would seem, it would be quite easy to set at rest any doubts we might have of the future. Thus *Mother Bridget* says in her almanac, under "January first:" "If a young maiden drink, on going to bed, a pint of cold spring water, in which is beat up an amulet, composed of the yolk of an egg, the legs of a spider, and the skin of an eel pounded, her future destiny will be revealed to

her in a dream. This charm fails of its effect if tried any other day of the year.

And again she gives a most potent and delightful method whereby one's fate may be cheaply revealed to him. This, however, is again for a special occasion, the 29th of February. Stick twenty-seven of the smallest pins that are made, three by three, into a tallow candle. Light it up at the wrong end, and then place it in a candlestick made out of clay, which must be drawn from a virgin's grave. Place this on the chimney-place, in the left-hand corner, exactly as the clock strikes twelve, and go to bed immediately. When the candle is burnt out, take the pins and put them into your left shoe; and before nine nights have elapsed your fate will be revealed to you—which fate will probably be that you will have an excessively sore foot, and a violent determination never again to mix with magic.

The methods by which to ascertain for one's self one's future, being so diverse and often easy of access, it would seem likely that in our degenerate days fortune-telling would receive but little encouragement. There is so much talk about the enlightenment of the age, such a continual assertion of the fact that the schoolmaster is itinerating, such a great noise made about the general diffusion of knowledge among the people, that one is apt to smile at the advertisements of "fortune-tellers," real "astrologers," "seventh sons," "Scandinavian magicians," "clairvoyants," and mysterious ladies, and others in similar business, which do, the enlightenment aforementioned to the contrary notwithstanding, strike our eye occasionally as we turn in disgust from the journal leader on Congressional corruption, or cheap Central American patriotism. Can these people possibly make a living? we ask ourselves. The fact that they grow more numerous each year, would seem to answer this query; and a recent examination by an enterprising newspaper reporter of New York, shows that not only do they make money, but also that they are visited, counseled with, and believed in by grown men and women, as well as by young girls and boys. We read in the report of this candid visitor—who, be it said, deserves the thanks of the community for his exposition—that these fortune-telling men and women are universally to the last degree filthy, ignorant, and odorous of whisky; that they invariably talk over the same semi-coherent series of random guesses at futurity; that they carry on the deception in such a way as that it certainly can not be any deception after the first visit to a person who has not left his senses at the door. And then we read that merchants and business men

are known to speculate on the advice of these odoriferous and pestiferous oracles, and that they are ruined; and—the truth should be plainly stated here—that *young girls* oftener than any other class of community apply for advice—and *are ruined*.

It is almost incredible—the trash put off by these humbugs upon their victims. As for instance, a certain madam, who, through the advertising columns of the dailies, “returns thanks to her friends and patrons, and begs to say that, after the thousands, both in this city and Philadelphia, who have consulted her with entire satisfaction, she feels confident that in the questions of astrology, love, and law matters, and books or oracles, as relied on constantly by Napoleon, she has no equal. She will tell the name of the future husband, and also the name of her visitors;” and having duly shuffled the cards, thus determines the fate of an applicant, regardless of grammar, stops, or any thing else:

“You have seen much trouble, some of it in business, and some of it in love, but there are brighter days in store for you before long—you face up a letter—you face up love—you face up marriage—you face up a light-haired woman, with dark eyes, you think a great deal of her, and she thinks a great deal of you, but then she faces up a dark-complexioned man, which is bad for you—you must take care and look out for him, for he is trying to injure you—she likes you the best, but you must look out for the man—you face up better luck in business, you face a change in your business, but be careful, or it will not bring you much money—you do not face up a great deal of money.” Or another, the “mysterious Veiled Lady,” who “can be consulted on all the events of life,” etc.; and who seems to have had not only the usual delightful disregard for grammar, but also an unusual difficulty with her *ems* and *ens*, as this sample of her speech will prove:

“You are a badd who has saw a great beddy chadges add it sees as if you was goindg to be bore settled in the future—it sees here like as if you had sobetibes in your life beed very buch cast dowd, but it sees here like as if you had always got up agaid—it sees here as if you had saw id your past life sobe lady what you liked very buch add had beed disappointed—it sees here as if there was two barriages for you, wud id a very short tibe—wud lady sees here to stadd very dear to you, add you two bay be barried or you bay dot—if you are dot already barried you will be.” Or this other hag, who for fifty cents promises a powder which shall make a given person love the recipient; and who, being requested

to furnish a specimen, “with an air of the most intense gravity, shook into a very dirty bit of paper a little white powder from one of the pomatum pots, and a corresponding quantity of grayish powder from pot number two, and stirred them carefully together with the tip of her finger. When she had mixed them to her liking, she folded the compound in a small paper. Then she prepared another mixture in the same manner, and made a pretense of adding another ingredient from a little pasteboard box, which probably had n’t had any thing in it for a month.”

Handing these over, she says: “You must shake some of the first powder on your true-love’s head, or neck, or arms, if you can, but if you can’t manage this, put it on her dress—the other powder you must sprinkle about your room when you go to bed to-night—this will draw her to you, and she will love you, and you alone, and can’t help herself; this will surely operate, if it do n’t, come and tell me.

“You must do as I told you with the powders before eleven o’clock to-night, for between the hours of eleven and twelve I shall boil your name and hers in herbs, which will draw her to you, and she can’t help herself, but will be tender and true, and will be yours, and yours only;” and closes with this euphonious sentence: “When she is drawed to you then you must marry her.”

We are told that these wretches live often in very respectable quarters; that if they are filthy, it is from choice, as they make plenty of money; and that they are openly visited by the most disreputable characters, whose interests they doubtless know how to further.

Let us look at the matter sensibly. There are periods in the life of every one, when the short-sighted mortal murmurs at the Divine dispensation which hides from him the future. But who that had it in his power to know *all* of that future, would dare to look that knowledge in the face? what thinking person has not often found cause to thank the all-wise One for that the joys and sorrows of life alike come upon us one by one, and that but seldom is it vouchsafed to man to look far ahead, to see the coming storm or calm?

BEFORE AND AFTER.

THE approaches of sin are like the conduct of Jael—it brings butter in a lordly dish—it bids high for the soul. But when it has fascinated and lulled the victim, the nail and the hammer are behind.

THE MORNING AFTER THE FUNERAL.

BY REV. J. S. PEREGRINE.

HOW fleeting and uncertain are all things beneath the sun! To-day the eye may sparkle with vivacity, the cheek may be blushing with health, and every thing that wealth can furnish may be made to contribute to our happiness; while to-morrow—if these be not taken from us by some reverse of fortune—we may be gone where we see them not—enjoy them not.

I have been led to these reflections by the circumstances with which I am surrounded this morning.

A little more than two years ago I had the pleasure of receiving as a candidate for probation in our Church, a young lady of a remarkably meek and quiet spirit, whose parents are among our most devoted members. She was the younger of two daughters, the elder of whom had experienced religion, and having united in marriage to a gentleman of worth, had removed to one of the western states. In a few months after she joined the Church, the younger sister found the pearl of great price. That strict propriety of bearing which had marked her former life, now ripened into an enlightened Christian piety. In August, 1855, I united her in marriage to a youth whose temporal circumstances and religious character gave promise of a life of more than ordinary happiness. A few days ago, just when it was expected that a third should be added, as a golden clasp, to lay its tiny hands on those hearts to bind them still more closely together, and gladden them with its smiles, a sudden effusion of water upon the heart quenched the flame of life, and without the ordinary struggle the spirit fled to its rest in heaven.

On yesterday I attended the funeral, and at the solicitation of the bereaved husband returned and spent the night in his now desolate home. It is morning, and we have just arisen, and are sitting around a hearth which would be cheerful were it not that there is a vacant seat. There sits the bereaved husband, and an occasional sigh gives evidence of the deep sense of loneliness which has filled his heart. There are the books which she loved—bound volumes of the Ladies' Repository, Life of Hester Ann Rogers, Methodist Hymns, the Holy Bible, etc. The melodeon is closed, and the stool stands by it unoccupied. She who once graced the one, and waked sweet melody from the other, is gone, that life of hers tells plainly whither. She sought a city which has foundations, and though she loved her home and friends on earth a stronger attraction drew

her upward. Heaven is richer, but O! how poor and disconsolate are we! Will it be always thus? Surely there is a better, a more enduring home—

"Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some happier clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.
* * * * *
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere."

THE OLD SAILOR'S FIRST AND ONLY LOVE.

BY N. W. TAYLOR ROOT.

I HAVE followed the sea forty years, and in all that time I never have spent more than three months at once ashore. I'll tell you, since you have asked me again—I'll tell you, this time, how I came to go to sea. It was not because I had a passion for sea-life and adventure; no, I did not relish the "fok'sle" life of forty years ago, and it was a vastly harder life then than it is now; but I got to like it at last, especially after I got a mate's berth, and so worked up gradually to be captain. I love the sea, boys, in spite of the many hardships and privations you landmen have no idea of. You can't understand why sailors are discontented and unhappy when they are obliged to remain long ashore; but I can. I'd rather be afloat to-day than living here in this busy town; but forty years at sea, in all latitudes, from sixty-five degrees above to sixty degrees below "the line," have stiffened my bones and cramped my joints. Yet I should not give it up if I did n't think that it was n't quite honest in me to keep command of "the Lucy," and so I told the owners; says I, "I'm too old a man; I can't see as far, nor speak as loud as I used to, and that ship ought to be commanded by a younger and better man than me." So I left the dear girl, with a tear or two I'll own, and came up here to the old homestead.

It's rather a lonely place to me, except when you boys come up to see me, but it's the only spot which seems like home. I know that your mother would be glad to take care of me, but as for care, aunt Nabby is an excellent housekeeper, and besides, an old fellow that's been to sea forty years ought to know something about taking care of himself. But your mother knows the true reason, I guess, why I choose the old farm for my home, and if you'll listen to the story I've promised to tell you, you will, may be, understand it too

You have asked an old man for a story, and you must take it in an old man's way. I shall try to steer a straight course, but perhaps I shall be blown off by some side memory of the old times. If I wander away, though, you must let me run; I shall make port Finis at last, and I don't believe you'll complain of the length of the voyage.

Forty years ago Millbury was as pretty a country village as ever nestled among hills. The church with the old-fashioned steeple that you laugh at, was the only one in the place, and that tall, thin spire looked down on quiet streets, and a quiet, steady, Church-going people. The railroad and the factories have so altered the place that if it was n't for that old light-house, I should hardly know the port I sailed from forty years ago. In those days there was a grist-mill on one side of the dam, and a saw-mill on the other, and the quiet pour of the waters over the old dam, and the gentle hum of the mills, was all the noise you could hear in the longest summer day. Most of the people were farmers, honest, sober, forehanded men, living, generally, on the same homesteads their fathers had lived on before them.

I declare, when I go down to the village and see how things are altered—how some of the old houses where I used to visit are turned into factory boarding-houses, the quiet old tavern become a kind of horse-jockies' harbor, and that pleasant street, that used to be, the one that leads to the bridge, built up with red brick blocks of stores; when I see the cars dashing so madly by that solemn burying-ground, and the roaring and buzzing mills crowding into the mill-dam, dirtying the water which used to be so pure, just as they have dirtied the morals of the good old town itself, why, I could almost cry, it's such a change. I do about conclude, sometimes, to sell the old place and go to Boston, to your mother's; but, then, when I think of it, I know I should n't be happy there. I should wander about the wharves, and wish myself aboard every outward-bound craft that lay there, and I should miss the pleasure I have here every day—going to Lucy's grave.

There's my reason for liking old Millbury best, after all, and in spite of the changes. The only woman I ever loved, and the only woman that ever loved me, that I know of, except my mother, lies within sight of my bedroom window, and that old white gravestone marks the center of the world to me.

I really do n't think, boys, that you'll want to listen to an old man's story of old times. There is n't any thing cheerful about it, neither. If it

was a yarn about running into bergs or breakers, or about that fortnight when I floated about in the Indian Ocean, with Jack Turner, in an open boat—why, such stories now would be interesting to youngsters like you; but—

Well, "go on," it is, then. Bring me the matches, Joe; my pipe's out.

Your father and I were very near of an age. He was only a year older than me, and we were just of a hight and build. It do n't bear on this present story to go back beyond my nineteenth year; that's forty-one years ago. At that time Joe and I had pretty much the whole care of the farm, for father had worked hard all his life, and come to be pretty well off, so that he was willing to resign the command to us. We were active young fellows, and with the prospect of making something for ourselves, we worked hard, early and late, and soon began to reckon our gains by fifties and hundreds. We pulled together, heartily, never quarreling or disputing, and loved each other as truly as ever two brothers did.

You know your grandmother died when we were children, so that we never knew what it was to have such a home as nobody but a mother can make. Aunt Nabby's mother kept house for us and kept it well; we never missed any care that we needed; but she did n't make a home for boys. Father seemed to be satisfied and cheerful, and I have always believed a story I heard once, that they had kept company with each other before she ran away with Parker. He made a drunken husband for her, and left her at last with one little girl. This was just about the time that mother died, and father took the poor woman to live here and keep house for him. It would be talked about if any such thing were done nowadays, but in those times there was n't so much evil thought, because there was n't so much evil done. Well, the poor creature had had her life squared, I suppose, and that was the reason why she never seemed to care any more for us boys than was necessary. So we had nothing much to keep us at home, and we sought society and amusement at other places. I do n't think there was a quilting, or husking party, or an apple-bee, or any such merry-making within ten miles of Millbury, that Joe and I did n't go to; and we were always "master hands," as they used to say, at all kinds of fun and frolic. Joe was rather more lively than I was. He could dance beautifully, though there weren't many that knew how in those days, and could play well on his violin, and sing, too. He generally had every thing his own way among the girls; that is, among the gayest of them; but somehow I was n't much less lucky than he

was. I believe I was what was called good-looking. You wouldn't believe it, boys, to see me now, for heat and cold, and wind and storms make sad work with fair complexions, such as mine was. Joe was a real handsome fellow, but he was dark. But whether it was because I might have been good-looking, or whether it was that I—well, I won't praise myself, but somehow I never had any trouble in making myself welcome. It will do for an old man to say that much, especially if his experience was short as mine was. I don't believe I ever talked half an hour with one of the woman-kind for twenty years after I left Millbury. Somehow I did n't want to. But late years I have, and I don't know but I've lost a good deal of sensible pleasure by steering so wide of these cruisers.

Well, about this time—that is, when I was nineteen and Joe twenty—parson Hubbard died, and a new minister came to Millbury. His name was Avery, and he was a smart man, and generally liked. I don't remember much about his preaching, though, for when we sat up in the gallery on Sunday, we looked less at the pulpit than at the minister's pew. Parson Avery's wife had brought her sister to live with her—they had n't any children—and Lucy Kendall was the prettiest girl that I ever saw, and I've been pretty much all over the world. No Italian girl ever had blacker hair and eyes, and no Greek beauty a finer figure. I did see once, at Smyrna, a young woman that looked something like Lucy, but she had n't Lucy's clear eyes.

The very first Sunday she was at Church, Joe and I fell clear in love with her. There she sat in the side-pew, next to the pulpit, and right opposite to us, and her face was so pretty that we could n't help looking at it from the first Psalm to the benediction. It's forty-one years this month of June since that Sunday, and forty years since I saw that face for the last time, but I can see it as plain before me now as I see yours. We did n't have daguerrotypes in those days, but I should n't have wanted one, if we had had them, for I have kept in my heart the impression of that dear face as I saw it that Sunday, and forty-one years have n't dimmed the picture. I see it most clearly at night, when I dream of her. I don't know how to account for it, but every week, on Saturday night, I dream of Lucy Kendall, and I see her face to face, I do believe.

Joe and I spoke about her to each other, on our way home from Church, but neither had said a dozen words before we each saw plain enough that the other was in love with her. I suppose it was n't possible to conceal it, and I've read in some

book or other, that they who are in love can easily pick out every body else that's in the same condition. But it seemed then that I wanted to hide my feelings from Joe, and he from me, for we soon turned the conversation, and talked about the new minister, though we neither of us had heard a word of the sermon. We had never been so "smitten," as they call it, before, and I suppose we both may have had a kind of presentiment that we were starting together on a voyage for the same port, and with a surety that one of us must be wrecked on the way. From that day we scarce ever spoke about her. We seemed to understand that we were rivals for her favor, and though neither would do any thing unfair, yet neither would yield a point, or give the other the benefit of the least information.

Lucy soon made acquaintances among the girls, and as she was lively and merry, she soon became one of the gayest of the young folks at all our parties—a good deal gayer than parson Avery liked, they said. Many a girl wished she'd never come to Millbury, and some of them talked pretty freely about her "carrying on" too much for a parson's sister; but it was all because they were jealous. She was the prettiest of them, and the smartest, and almost all the young fellows seemed to be crazy after her. But she did n't show partiality for any in particular, unless it was Joe. She had spent a winter or so in Boston, and knew how to dance well, and so she and Joe were often partners. I used to feel desperately to see them together, and to see how happy Joe would seem some days, after a party where they two had been partners pretty much all the evening. He would n't speak of it to me, but I could see it just as plain as if he had told me in words. And yet I sometimes had reason to be hopeful, too, for one look of hers, given as she used to give them, right into my heart, was enough to make me happy for a week. It happened very often, that though she would favor him all the evening, she would somehow seem to manage it so that I could ask to walk home with her, just at the right time, and she never refused me. At any rate, it was between Joe and me, and the other young men gave up in our favor, not so much because they were willing to as because they saw it was no use trying to cut us out. But the more we two got interested, the thicker the haze grew between us. It was something like two shipwrecked sailors holding on to either side of a spar not large enough to buoy up both; one of them must let go, but both love life, and neither dares say any thing. I've seen such a time, boys. 'Twas in the North Sea, when the

Nautilus foundered. Norway Bill was with me—as good a sailor and messmate as I ever sailed with—and we saw that one of us must let go. Poor Bill was dragged under by a drowning man, and I was saved; but I shall never forget that half-hour, when we faced each other, without saying a word. I thought of Joe, then.

Well, to go back, Joe and I were getting desperate. I believe that several times we were on the point of speaking right out, and proposing some contest or trial of luck to decide it. But a decision was soon made, and in a way that neither of us would have chosen, if we could have looked ahead far enough to have seen the consequences.

There had been an apple-bee at Deacon Hemingway's, on the hill, one evening, and, as usual, Joe and Lucy had been together all the time. You know the old game of roasting apple-seeds on a peel, don't you? Well, Lucy's seed had hopped off and left Joe's alone. She laughed out merrily when she saw it, and Joe looked sadly disappointed. I believe he determined then to speak out to her that night, and I saw him get by the door, making ready to go home with her, if he could. But when the party broke up, and the girls came in with their bonnets on, Lucy came toward me, and as she stood by me, says she, "Good-night, all!" and we walked out together, without my having asked her by word or look. I never felt such a shiver of happiness, before nor since, as when I felt her hand on my arm that evening. I seemed to feel sure at that moment, and for the first time, that Lucy loved me, though I had n't so very much to found my hopes upon.

Our walk was slow and silent till we came to the bridge. She knew well enough what was coming, but I could n't find words for what I wanted to say. It was bright moonlight, and as we came into the bridge, we both naturally stopped there and looked at the water pouring over the dam. Finally I spoke. It was only one word—"Lucy"—but it was enough. She called my name so low and soft, that my heart seemed to melt within me, and I took her hands in mine, while we looked into each other's eyes what we might have said with our lips. We should n't have understood each other any better if we had talked an hour. I was drawing her closer and closer to me, when suddenly Joe started out from behind a kind of abutment there was at the end of the bridge, and shouted out wildly—

"Him or me, Lucy Kendall! him or me!"

The old bridge was built very different from

the present one. It was a wooden one, and on each side two timbers slanted up to a peak in the middle, something like a broad letter A. We stood near the end, and as Lucy pressed against me in her fright—for she was awfully frightened—I lost my footing, and we both fell over into the river. The water was n't deep there—it would have been better if it had been—but the bed of the river was rocky, and Lucy fell on a great black stone. How I felt I do n't know—it must have hurt me some, for I was stiff for a long time afterward—but I was right up again, and raised Lucy, who seemed to me then to be dead. I had hardly lifted her up when Joe was at my side, and as I saw him, I cursed him—God forgive me!—I cursed him bitterly.

I have often dreamed of that scene—dreamed of it somehow, not as if I was one of the three, but as if I was looking on. It was within the shadow of the bridge, and the dark water, and black, shiny rocks, looked all the darker and wilder in contrast with the glitter of the moonlight in the rush of water over the dam.

I knew Lucy was only in a swoon, for I felt her heart beat against my arm. I felt that she was mine, and that Joe had no right to interfere, and I pushed him away with my other hand.

"Stand off, Joe Farnham!" said I; "I do n't want any more trouble, but as sure as you interfere with me I'll kill you!"

It was my brother, boys, and your father, and I can't tell this, or you hear it, without grief; but you may come to learn, some day, that no one on earth may come between a man and the woman he loves, and who loves him. I have long ago forgiven Joe—for I might have done the same as he did—and he forgave me. The summer before your father died—the time when I came back from my first China voyage, twenty odd years after that night—we both came up to Millbury, and stood over her grave. We joined hands across the stone, and I said the Lord's prayer—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us;" and Joe said, "Amen!"

Well, to go back to that night, Joe seemed inclined at first to dispute me, but he saw that I was in earnest, and I guess he knew that I had the better right, so he turned away and said,

"I'll go to Parson Avery's and tell them; you bring her along as soon as you can."

I took her up in my arms as gently as I would have carried a baby—and she did n't seem heavier than a child—and climbed up the bank. As soon as I got to the road, I started in a kind of run toward the parsonage. It was n't far, but by the time I got there, Parson Avery and his wife were at the

gate, with Joe, just starting to meet us. I carried her in and laid her on the sofa in the parlor, without saying a word. I do n't believe I could have spoken, my heart was so full. I do n't know but I fainted, for I do n't remember well what happened next, only that some women, the neighbors, came in, and that Mrs. Avery had to be carried away, shrieking with hysterics. All this time Lucy had n't spoken a word, or showed a sign of knowing any of us; but when I took her hand, at last—when I found that I had strength enough, and called her by name, she pressed my hand, very gently, and said, "Laban," in a whisper.

That was the last time she ever spoke to me!

Boys, I can't go on just now. Go and tell aunt Nabby that she may make the tea. . . . Never mind; I'm over it now, and I'll finish the story; there is n't much more to tell.

I believe Joe heard her whisper my name, for the room was still; at any rate he went out right after it. The doctor came in very soon, and he and the women carried Lucy away to her own room. When they were gone, I told Parson Avery how it happened, though I let him think that Joe was in fun, and I did n't tell him what Lucy and I had been saying. Then I left the house and wandered about the rest of the night, going backward and forward between the bridge and Deacon Hemingway's till daylight. I went home then, and found Joe at work round the barn, and soon father came out. But there were few words spoken that day. Twice I left the hay-meadow to go over to the parsonage and ask about Lucy; and the answer was, both times, "About the same."

There's no need telling much more. Lucy never came to enough after she spoke to me to know any of her friends. The doctor said she struck her head against that stone, and that the injury brought on insanity. He told me that the Kendalls were all inclined that way, and they said that Mrs. Avery was crazy for several weeks after the accident. Lucy got better, well enough to sit up in bed, and to see some of her friends; and I used to go there and sit by her, and hold her hands in mine, and try to talk with her; but her mind was gone. She seemed pleased to have me hold her hands, or smooth her hair; she would smile faintly, while the tears filled my eyes so I could hardly see; but she never spoke to me. She seemed to like to have me near her better than any one else, and Mrs. Avery said that she was always uneasy after I went away; but that was all the comfort I had.

She lingered just about a year and then died.

During that time Joe and I never spoke any more than our work made it necessary; only once, at night, when I thought that he was asleep, and I was moaning, I suppose, he said:

"Laban, I'm very sorry!"

"Do n't talk about it, Joe," said I; and we never alluded to it again for a good many years.

When Lucy died, Mrs. Avery gave me a long lock of her dark hair, and the day after the funeral I left Millbury for Boston, and from there I sailed on a long voyage to the Sandwich Islands. It was the best thing I could have done.

And now, boys, I want you to make me a solemn promise. You are all the relatives I have in the world, and when I die you'll find that I have remembered you. But you'll see it in my will, and I want to hear you promise it to me now, that you will bury me in my lot, next to the Avery lot, in the corner close to Lucy's grave; and I want to have you train that rose-bush so that it will grow over both graves. I once thought I should like to die and be buried at sea, but now that I have lived here awhile, and come to love that spot, it's my dearest wish to be buried next to Lucy.

That's the reason I've told you this story.

Won't you mind your old uncle's last wish, boys? There, there! I know you will! Go in to the other room, to tea. I'll be in presently.

LO! MY SWEET CLOVER.

BY M. A. NIGLOW.

Lo! my sweet clover is bending low,
Drenched in the heavy shower;
For the autumn winds begin to blow,
And autumn clouds to lower.

When will it, I ask, arise again,
And shake its burden away?
Or, must it forevermore remain
In the bosom of decay?

Thus is my form weighed heavily down
By affliction and disease;
Trembling while autumn's wind-clouds frown,
And whispers the autumn breeze.

Can nature revived again arise,
And shake this burden away?
Or shall I fall as the plant which dies
In the season of decay?

However late we may pass away,
Our fate is alike, frail thing!
For both must sink to a sad decay,
When Death shall his arrow fling.

Nay, I may look to a jubilant hour!
When man from the grave springs forth,
My scattered dust shall arise in power,
From its lowly bed of earth.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

BY NETTIE MARVINE.

"PLEASE give me a piece of bread, mother," and a little boy of five summers raised his large blue eyes so mournfully to his mother's face, that a harder heart than hers could not have withstood the gentle entreaty; so slowly rising she took from the cupboard a small loaf, and cutting a slice handed it to the child. The room, situated in the garret of a miserable dwelling in one of our Atlantic cities, though scrupulously neat, was yet destitute of almost every comfort. A wretched apology for a bed stood in one corner, a few old stools did duty as chairs, and a table upon which a dim candle flickered and glared, completed the furniture.

Edith Clare was an only daughter. At the early age of four her mother left her to dwell with the angels; and Wendell Clare, turning away from the grave, which held the loved one of his heart, took his little daughter, far too young to comprehend her loss, and retired to an elegant country-seat on the banks of the Hudson. Here, the mistress of a noble mansion, the pet and pride of an indulgent father, in possession of every luxury, surrounded by attendants, who anticipated the slightest wish, Edith had attained to eighteen years.

* * * * *

"Willful girl! is it thus you repay the love and affection lavished upon you? is it thus I am rewarded for these many years, during which I have spared no pains to make you happy, and have left no wish ungratified?"

"Father, you have my answer. I love Herbert Lee. I will marry no other;" and though the voice was tremulous, yet the countenance, pale as marble, expressed naught but firm resolve.

"Then go, and the curse of an injured father rest upon you."

"Nay, father, curse me not," exclaimed the maiden, and, falling upon her knees, she threw her arms about him; but tearing himself away, he hastily quitted the apartment.

Wendell Clare was proud. Was not the purest blood running in his veins? Was not his Mary, his buried Mary, from one of the noble families of old England? and none but he of high birth and honorable connections should ever wed his daughter, Edith. So he had vowed; and when Herbert Lee, a young artist of much promise, but poor, and of whose family no more could be said save that they were honest and useful citizens, petitioned respectfully, yet earnestly, for

that fair hand, his indignation knew no bounds, and in language keenly felt by the young man, dismissed him from his presence. Immediately seeking his daughter, the conversation which we have recounted, and much more, took place; and that night did Edith Clare, leaving the paternal mansion, give her hand with her heart in it to Herbert Lee. Then did the father resolve that never would he look upon his daughter's face again. For three years did Herbert Lee and his youthful bride dwell in the city they had selected as their residence; and their home, though a humble was yet a happy one, save when the thought of her father, now declining in years, and from whom they had received no communication, would cause the eyes of Edith to fill with tears. And Mr. Clare was not happy. Dearly did he love "his Edie," and he mourned her as one dead. Many times did he long to call her back to be again the light of his home; but his proud heart refused. No, the fiat of Wendell Clare had gone forth, and must not be recalled; and when one day a letter, in a dainty white envelop, bearing the well-known handwriting, was brought him, fearing lest his resolution should fail him should he read it, and he should recall his lost child to his arms, it was returned unopened.

During these years Herbert Lee toiled with unremitting zeal to acquire a support for Edith and the little cherub that had been added to their household—toiled too hard, and his strength gave way. For months he languished, and the watchful care, the constant attentions, the tears and prayers of Edith were unavailing. When did human love ever move the king of terrors? The day of parting came at last.

"My poor Edith," murmured he, "forgive me if I wronged you. God knows I loved you." Return to your father, he will receive you now. God—bless—you, Edie"—and all was over.

She stood with her fatherless boy by the hand beside an open grave. The man of God had taken his place at the head. The solemn stillness of the air was only broken by his clear, full tones, as he repeated those beautiful words: "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again." Then the last fond look was taken; the coffin was slowly lowered into the grave, and the heavy clods were thrown upon it. Dust had returned to dust; earth was again mingling with its mother earth. She turned away and entered her home, now desolate.

"Alone," she sighed, "all alone in this dreary world."

"No, mamma," said a little, bird-like voice,

"not alone, for I am here," and two little arms were thrown about her neck, and a little golden head nestled in her bosom. And Edith felt she had still something to live for. At first she thought of returning immediately to her father, but it was a great distance, and the long illness of Herbert had left her purse—never very full—almost empty. Something must be done immediately. She gave up the house she had been occupying, and reserving a little furniture, took the room in which we found her at the commencement of our sketch. She had endeavored to earn a livelihood by sewing, and night after night, while others slept, she plied her needle; but the proverbial low wages of the needle-women of our large cities proved scarcely sufficient to meet her necessary expenses. Sorrow and suffering had bowed almost to the earth that fragile form, and but few would recognize in the wan and wasted features of Mrs. Lee, the poor seamstress, the once gay and beautiful Edith Clare.

On the evening of which we write, she had sat silently for more than half an hour; the needle had dropped from her trembling fingers; her work lay unheeded in her lap, and memory reverted to days gone by. Again she looked upon her mother, as she left her last kiss upon the baby lips of her darling Edie—her mother, cold and still, the green turf resting on her bosom—herself the light of her father's home and heart—those few happy years—her lost Herbert—her father's anger—her utter loneliness and desolation now; when suddenly a silvery voice disturbed her musings, with,

"Please give me a piece of bread, mother."

Rising, as we have before said, she complied with his request, and, eating the remnant, a very small morsel, herself, sadly remembered that they had no more, and faint and despairing she threw herself upon the couch, and was soon locked in slumber. The next morning she was awakened by a little hand passing over her face, and a little voice saying,

"Mamma, wake up. Willie's hungry."

Willie's hungry! How her heart swelled almost to bursting, as she took him in her lap, and told him, while the tears fell upon his golden curls, that mamma had no more bread!

The little one looked upon his mother's distress, and, murmuring,

"Willie's sorry he made mamma feel bad; Willie has not said his prayers this morning," dropped on his knees, by his mother's side, and lisped the little prayer she had taught him—"Our Father who art in heaven." Slowly and reverently he repeated each petition, with his head

resting on his tiny clasped hands, till, at the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," he raised his large blue eyes, while a calm, touching look beamed from the azure depths—

"Will not God give us *this day* our daily bread? I know he will; Jesus loves little children, does n't he, mamma? I will ask him once more;" and again he earnestly repeated, "Give us this day our daily bread."

A sudden paleness overspread the face of Edith, and falling upon the bed, she murmured, "Mamma's going home, Willie, where the hungry are fed"—then added to herself: "I am willing to go, but, O, that I could make room for my child in my grave!"

One gasp, and Edith Lee "was not, for God took her." Cold, icy cold grew the pallid brow, and though the little arms were again thrown about her, and the golden head lay close to her heart, she heeded it not. The passionate entreaties for mamma to wake up, were unavailing, and hardly knowing what he did, he ran down stairs and glided into the street, up and down, down and up those dusty pavements, till his little feet ached, and the tears started in his eyes; but no one of all the multitude that thronged the street, stopped to speak a kindly word to the little orphan, or inquire the cause of his grief.

Ever and anon returning to the old house—for he dare not wander far—he would mount the steep staircase, "to see if mamma would wake up;" but the form was so cold, so still, that the child felt a sort of terror, why he hardly knew; and running down stairs again, would continue his wanderings.

It was drawing toward night of this eventful day, and Willie sat on the steps of the house he had called home. Not a morsel of food had he tasted all that day, and murmuring again and again, "Give us this day our daily bread," he bowed his head on his little hands and wept. A tall, dignified gentleman, past middle life, was passing down the street. Seeing the child's distress, he pushed the golden ringlets from his heated brow, and asked him why he wept? Startled, the child looked up, and repeated what was uppermost in his mind, "Give us this day our daily bread;" then added, "Willie's hungry, and mamma has been asleep all day, and won't wake up."

Taking the boy by the hand, he led him to a baker's shop in the vicinity, and supplied his wants.

"And now," said the gentleman, "we will go and see your mamma."

"Yes," added Willie, "and will you please

wake mamma up? she has been sleeping all day."

The gentleman looked into the boy's face. Had he never seen those soul-lit eyes, those golden locks before? That look was strangely familiar, yet, what was the child of a city pauper to him?

"What is your name besides Willie?" he asked with interest.

"Willie Lee, sir."

"Lee, Lee," he repeated in a musing tone; "no, no; that can not be. And what is your mother's name?"

"Mamma."

"Yes, I know she is your mamma; but what is her name?"

"Mamma, sir; nothing else."

By this time they had again reached the house, and climbing the broken staircase entered the room where lay the dead. Could he be mistaken? Those features, wan and wasted as they were, could they fail to be recognized by the eye of parental affection? Just then he noticed a small gold locket about her neck. He knew it well. 'Twas a birthday gift of years before, containing his own miniature, and while Edith had parted with almost every thing else, that had been retained.

"O, my Edith!" and sinking upon the nearest seat, the strong man wept.

Mr. Clare had come to the city on some matter of business, and finding, as we have seen, his orphan grandchild, and the form of his once-loved daughter, returned the next morning with Willie, bearing the remains of Edith in a costly coffin. She was laid beside her mother; the weary body rested there, the spirit was where hunger, wretchedness, and woe are never known. Willie's prayer was answered. He still remains in his grandfather's house; and though surrounded by luxury, he has not forgotten the source whence all his blessings flow; but daily, as in the days gone by, he prays, "Give us this day our daily bread."

STRAY GEMS.

THE sunshine lies upon the mountain-top all day, and lingers there latest and longest at eventide. Yet is the valley green and fertile, and the mountain-top barren and unfruitful.

Without established principles, our feelings contend against evil as an army without a leader, and are far oftener vanquished than victorious.

THE FLOWER GATHERING.

FROM GERMAN PARABLES.

THE young, innocent Theresa had spent the most beautiful part of spring on a sick-bed. When her appetite returned, and her strength increased, she spoke of the flowers, and inquired whether they bloomed as beautifully as in the former year. For she loved flowers dearly, but she could not go out to pluck them. Then Erick, the brother of the sick girl, took a small basket and said privately to his mother, I will bring her the most beautiful of the field! and he went out into the fields for the first time. For as long as his beloved sister had been confined to her bed, he had not left her. It seemed to him now, that the spring had never appeared so lovely. For he saw it, and felt its influence with a good and affectionate heart.

The cheerful boy ran up hill and down. Around him the nightingales sang, the bees hummed, the butterfly fluttered, and the most beautiful flowers bloomed at his feet. And he went along, and sung and skipped from one hill and from one flower to another. His soul was as serene as the blue heaven above him, and his eye shone like a spring that gushes out of the rocks.

At length his basket was full of the most lovely flowers, and on the top lay a garland of strawberries, like pearls strung on a blade of grass. The happy boy looked smilingly in his well-filled basket, and lay down on the soft moss in the shade of an oak. Here he silently viewed the fine country which spread itself before him, shining in the brightness of spring, and listened to the changing song of the nightingale.

But he had rejoiced till he was weary. The mirth of the field and the music of the nightingale composed him to sleep.

Thus he lay near his basket of flowers—himself a living emblem of sensual pleasure, whose enjoyment had wearied him, and of its decay.

The sweet boy slumbered peacefully. But behold! a tempest arose in heaven. The dark and silent clouds appeared. The lightning flashed, and the voice of the thunder sounded nearer and louder. Suddenly the wind roared among the branches of the oak. Then the frightened boy awoke. He looked and saw the heavens around him covered with threatening clouds. The sun did not cast a single beam upon the fields. A heavy clap of thunder followed. The poor boy beheld this change with astonishment.

Son of joy, are you secure in your cheerful path?

Already frequent drops of rain fell through the leaves of the oak—and the affrighted boy snatched up his basket and fled. The tempest was over his head. The rain and the storm increased, the thunder rolled fearfully. The water poured down from his head and shoulders. He could scarcely find his way. Suddenly a gust of wind struck the basket which the boy carried in his hand, and scattered his carefully gathered flowers over the field.

Then his countenance became disfigured, and with feelings of anger he threw the empty basket on the ground. At length, weeping aloud and thoroughly drenched with rain, he reached the dwelling of his parents.

Wise son of earth, is your displeasure and the appearance of your anger lovelier, when a wish is denied you, or a plan miscarries?

The storm soon ceased, and the heavens became serene. The birds began their song, and the farmer his work anew. The air was clearer and cooler, and a sweet calm reigned in the valley and on the hill. The newly moistened fields were full of strength and fragrance. Every thing seemed to be revived and renovated, as nature came at first from the hand of her kind Creator; and the surrounding inhabitants viewed with grateful joy the distant clouds that had brought blessings and prosperity to their fields.

Storms sweeten the air—the blessings of heaven came out of dark clouds. Sorrows and conflicts appear to the son of earth, that he may produce in himself the fruit of improvement.

The serene sky soon enticed the frightened boy again into the field. Assuaged of his impatience, he returned in silence to look for his basket, and to fill it with fresh flowers. He also felt revived. The breath of the cool air, the fragrance of the field, the leaves of the trees, the song of the grove, every thing appeared to him after the storm, and the renovating rain, doubly beautiful. And the bitter consciousness of his foolish and unjust displeasure, tempered and moderated his joy.

The joys of earth must be spiced with harsh vicissitude for their preservation and improvement. A proof of their temporal nature!

The basket still lay on the declivity of the hill. A blackberry bush had prevented it from rolling, and defended it from the force of the wind. Gratefully the boy viewed the bush and disengaged the basket. But how glad was his astonishment when he looked around him! The fields shone like the firmament. The rain had spread out a thousand fresh flowers, opened a thousand buds, and on the leaves the dew-drops

hung like pearls. And Erick roved about like an industrious bee, and gathered the flowers.

Sunset was approaching, and the cheerful boy hastened, with his full basket, home. How ravished with his treasure of flowers, and the pearly wreath of his fresh-gathered strawberries! The setting sun beamed upon his smiling countenance during his homeward walk. But his eye shone still brighter, when he saw the gratitude and joy of his delicate sister.

Is it not true, said the mother, that the joys which we prepare for others, are the most lovely of all?

A BEAUTIFUL SCENE.

THE following touching scene, as described by an eye-witness, occurred at the recent burning of the State Lunatic Asylum, at Utica, N. Y. A number of the patients had been gathered upon the lawn, and were surrounded by a crowd curious to witness the spectacle. The writer says:

Pacing gently to and fro, with a book clasped in her hand, a tall, thin lady—she could not have been over twenty-five—was talking to the unheeding crowd in a tone whose touching, kindly, affectionate earnestness, I have never heard equaled, but from my own mother's lips. The patient pathos with which she warned the laughing crowd to beware of the judgment which delayeth not, and the undisturbed equanimity with which she smiled on, in the face of rudeness, "touched me nearly." I could not for a long time persuade myself to turn my attention elsewhere—she looked to my eyes, like one whom the world lost much in losing. I would here piously record the prayer of an honest register's soul, that she may be brought out from the gloom of her insanity, and become to society a second Florence Nightingale. An incident here—I am not ashamed to confess it—brought tears into my eyes. The kind creature was talking to some little boys, who had, in the shifting of the crowd, found themselves before her. Stooping over, she said to a fine-looking little fellow: "You love to go to Sabbath school, don't you?" The boy said, "Yes, I do." She seemed delighted at the response, and encouraged to a manifestation of her affection for the little fellow, for the tears came into her large eyes, and she laid her hand upon his head. The boy removed his cap reverently, and looked up unshrinkingly into her face. Then she took his hand, pressed it in her own, and stooping, imprinted a kiss upon his cheek. I saw the tears coursing down her still calmly smiling face, as she turned away to conceal them, and walked off.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

ACCESS TO GOD—PRAYER, ITS NATURE.—“Men ought always to pray.”—*Luke xviii, 1.*

He, whom we are commanded to hear in all things, spake a parable to this end, that “men ought always to pray, and not to faint.” Prayer is a duty of universal obligation; and access to the Father is granted unto man, in order that he may have the privilege of prayer. All men are sinful, helpless, and dependent creatures on God’s bounty, mercy, and goodness; and hence arises the necessity of prayer. Prayer is the divinely instituted method for supplying the obvious wants of humanity, and by prayer and supplication those wants are to be made known to God.

All men feel that they ought to pray. This is the case with those who neglect and denounce it. There are times when those who have derided it will pray. And even in those lands where the knowledge of the true God is lost, and he is unhonored and unadored, men pray; for they feel their weakness, misery, and danger. “There seems,” says Dr. Guthrie, “lodged in every breast, what I may call an instinct to pray, and an intuitive belief in the efficacy of prayer. Never yet did traveler find a nation upon earth but offered prayers in some form or other to some demon or god. Races of men have been found without raiment, without houses, without manufactures, without the rudiments of art, but never without prayers; no more than without speech, human features, or human passions. Prayer is universal, and seems to be as natural to man as the instinct which prompts an infant to draw the milk of a mother’s bosom, and by its cries to claim a mother’s protection. Even so man is, as it were instinctively, moved to cast himself into the arms of God, to seek divine help in times of danger, and in times of sorrow to weep on the bosom of a Father who is in heaven. Nature and necessity have wrung prayers even from an atheist’s lips.”

But if prayer, in a sense, be thus natural, man requires the light of revelation to instruct him in its object, its nature, and its end. Some men pray, but not to God: they worship they know not what, and ask of stocks, and stones, and demons, what it is only in the power of the Almighty to bestow upon them. They have indeed the instincts of nature urging them to seek supernatural aid and relief; but they need the light of the Spirit to teach them to whom to apply for deliverance from their sorrow and peril. And though their cry be loud and long, yet their Baals hear them not, and they are left unheeded and unhelped. They know not Him who is the God of all consolation and comfort; nor him by whom we have access to the Father. Neither do they know what they should pray for as they ought: hence they ask not for grace to pardon and renew them, but for power to deliver them from some apparent danger, or apprehended

and dreaded calamity. Therefore, though such people pray, it is not the prayer which Heaven has appointed, and which Heaven will hear.

We apprehend there is much that passes for prayer, which has nothing of its spirit and power. Many, alas! there are who have not, because they ask not. The blessings of God are restrained toward them, because they restrain prayer before God. In their unbelief they practically ask, “What profit should we have if we pray unto him?” They may in all this go against their moral instincts, the teachings of conscience, and the Bible; but there they are, as prayerless as they are godless, and as restless and unhappy as such people always are. And how humiliating is the thought that this has been, more or less, the character of us all! Whatever change the grace of God may have now wrought in us, the time was when we called not on the name of the Lord, and received not daily of Heaven’s rich and saving mercy, because we asked not. We were prayerless!

And there are others who have not, because they ask amiss. They are not silent; they pray, and pray not to idols, but to God, and yet have not, because they do not pray aright. There is something in their prayer which ought to have no place in it, and which mars it; and there is wanting that which is essential to its success. It is wrong, if not in object, yet in spirit or end. It is cold and careless, or unbelieving and impatient; and therefore, it is unheard and unanswered.

What, then, is prayer? “It is the offering up of our desires to God for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Christ, with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of his mercies.” God, then, is the true object of prayer; things according to his will the limit of those desires which are to be offered to him; Christ Jesus the medium of approach; and his name our authority and plea, while the spirit of the suppliant must be one of humble penitence and gratitude. “Prayer,” says Hannah More, “is the application of want to him who alone can relieve it; the voice of sin to him who alone can pardon it. It is the urgency of poverty, the prostration of humility, the fervency of penitence, the confidence of trust. It is not eloquence, but earnestness; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul. It is the ‘Lord, save us, we perish,’ of drowning Peter; the cry of faith to the ear of mercy.”

But the nature and power of prayer are not to be learnt from definitions, however just and accurate; nor from forms, however spiritual and evangelical. We may define prayer, and exhort to prayer, but the Lord only can teach men how to pray. The true spirit of prayer is a divine gift. The Holy Ghost alone can lead us into truth respecting prayer. He must give the light, and breathe the life of it into our souls. He must help our

infirmities. Then, and then only, do we really pray. It is the heart which prays; and when the spirit of prayer is in it, it desires, groans, pleads, and wrestles, till it prevails. While the soul is mourning, weeping, and agonizing on earth, its prayer has entered heaven, and reached the ear of God. "So soon, indeed, as the heart begins to work on earth, it moves the hand of God in heaven; and ere the prayer has left the lips of faith, Jesus has presented it unto the Father and secured its answer." We have an advocate with the Father, and have boldness and access with confidence into the holiest of all, through faith in him. And he who heareth the Son always, hears always those also who come unto God through him. "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will do it for you." All this is seen and felt by the man who prays with the spirit and the understanding. By the Spirit's powerful aid, he lifts up his soul to God, enters the Divine presence, pleads the promises of eternal truth and love, and rests his faith and hope on the atonement and intercession of his Savior. And he does all this by the help of the pleading Spirit, who is the source, to every praying heart, of the grace of supplication.

If such be prayer, not only is it right that we should teach our children to ask, "I say my prayers, but do I pray?"—the question is as applicable and important to ourselves. Prayers may be said, and yet there be no prayer. A form may be used, the import of which has never been thoroughly understood and felt; or we may coldly repeat petitions of our own, into which there enters no desire, and no faith. Yet by this kind of dead, formal, and, to some extent, hypocritical service, many seek to satisfy their conscience, and delude themselves into the belief that they are caring for their souls. But they have yet to learn to pray; and among their sins to be confessed and forgiven is this—their insincerity in prayer. There is nothing in heartless, soulless devotion to please God; and, however often performed, it brings no honor to the Lord, nor saving grace to man. Men, in this sense, may pray, and yet be prayerless, and finally stand with those on whom the fury of the Lord shall be poured out, because they called not on his name. Some are, in this lifeless, formal manner, praying half their lifetime, and at length mercifully wake up to the discovery that they have never prayed; while others continue, to the end of life, deceivers of their own souls. How important the question, "Do I pray—really, truly, successfully pray? Or have I yet to learn to pray, and offer, for the first time, with true sincerity of woe, the publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner?'" If so, let there be no delay; but at once go to the mercy-seat, and confess, and pray.

And there is reason why we should all confess our sins, and pray for pardon; for have we not often detected ourselves, in this sacred service, putting the form for the power? We may happily have prayed with the spirit, and too often unhappily without the spirit; and hence the leanness of our souls. We have starved them into spiritual feebleness, having denied them the spiritual nourishment which they require. Let us awake up to our high and holy privilege; and if, in the spirit of earnest and believing prayer, we come to the throne of grace, God, even our own God, shall bless us. He waits to be gracious, and from the throne of grace he sends forth the invitation of his love. Let us then ask, and receive, and our joy shall be full.

PRODUCTIVENESS OF CHRIST'S BLESSING.—"And looking up to heaven, He blessed, and brake, and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. And they did all eat and were filled."—*Matt. xiv, 19, 20.*

A common weaver, a member of an English missionary Church in Diarbekir, in Turkey, recently gave the following interesting exposition of this passage: "They had but five loaves and two fishes—not enough even to make a meal for themselves. Selfishness would have said, 'Keep the bread; do not give it away; it is necessary to you; you can not spare it.' And very likely if they had kept it, it would not have satisfied them; for five loaves in the east is a small supply for twelve men. Did they therefore refuse to give the loaves and the two fishes? No! They brought them to Jesus, and he blessed them, and gave them back to the disciples to give to the multitude, and they did all eat, and were filled. With Christ's blessing upon the bread, it was enough for the disciples and for the five thousand men, besides women and children. So they did not suffer for bringing their bread to the Lord, although it was all they had, and there seemed to be no possibility of getting more. 'So, brethren,' said our weaver, 'this is what we ought to do. We ought to bring all we have to Christ. He will bless it, and we shall not want, but shall have abundance ourselves, and supply the need of the great multitude. The little which Christ blesses is worth far more than great riches not consecrated to him.'"

THE MYSTERIOUS UNION.—"Without me ye can do nothing."—*John x, 5.*

"This passage," says Melancthon, "teaches that we must be absorbed by Christ, so that we ourselves should no longer act, but that Christ should live in us. As the Divine nature has been made one body with man in Christ, so should man be incorporated by faith with Jesus Christ."

TROUBLE AND PEACE.—"In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace."—*John xvi, 33.*

The window in the ark was a skylight; the door was in the side—the Lord shut that. Noah was to have no intercourse with the raging billows, but only with the God who ruled and governed them. Let the believer learn an infinitely valuable lesson. It is his province, his wisdom, and his privilege, to converse with God in the midst of every storm, of every tempest, and to leave the billows to Him who rules them.

PERFECT LOVE.—"I will bring the blind by a way they knew not."—*Isaiah xlii, 16.*

"I had," remarked Dr. Olin, "difficulties respecting our own theoretical views of the doctrine—perfect love. I even joined the Conference with exceptions to it, and stated my objections when a candidate before the whole body. But I was admitted, the Conference expressing the hope that further inquiries would rectify my views. Years, however, passed without any modification of my opinions. But it pleased God to lead me into the truth. My health failed, my official employments had to be abandoned, I lost my children, wife died, and I was wandering over the world alone, with scarcely any thing remaining but God. I lost my hold on all things else, and became, as it were, lost myself in God. My affections centered in him. My will became absorbed in his. I sunk, as it were, into the blessing of perfect love, and found in my own consciousness the reality of the doctrine which I had theoretically doubted."

PARTS OF GOD'S WAYS.—*"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their hosts by number: he calleth them all by their names, by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth."*—Isaiah xl, 26.

"It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in."—Isaiah xl, 22.

"He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing. The pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at his reproof. By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens. Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him! but the thunder of his power who can understand?"—Job xvi, 7, 11, 13, 14.

The diameter of the earth's orbit is, as it were, the pocket-rule of the astronomer, with which he measures distances which the mind can no more grasp than infinity. This star-measurer is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of heaven, and drawing lines from its extremities to the nearest fixed star, or a centauri, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second! By the simple Rule of Three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000,000.

From another simple calculation it follows, that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room in one dimension, or in one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room for one hundred and thirty millions of solar systems; and in actual sidereal space of three dimensions, there is room for 1,500,000,000,000 of solar systems the size of our own.

One and a half million million of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbor. And, if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000,000, then there would be room enough for thirty thousand trillions of human beings to live, love, and labor in the worlds that might be planted in this same starless void.

Our sun is but a dull hazy speck of light in the great milky way; and Herschel says he discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth, and six in length. Think of that a moment! and then that no two of them all are probably nearer each other than twenty billions of miles; and then, that the starless space between their solar systems might contain 1,500,000,000,000 of similar systems! Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the worlds that a powerful glass will open to your view, from one point of space.

Again: multiply these systems by twenty thousand millions, and you will have three billion trillions of human beings, who might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space which Herschel's glass would disclose to your vision.

And you ask despairingly, What is man? We will tell you what he is in one respect: the creator of all these worlds is his God.

It does one good to think long and deeply on these stupendous facts. By no other means accessible to us can we so well climb toward a just apprehension of the

Vol. XVII.—36

greatness and majesty of the Lord our God. These measurements and estimates seem as a ladder let down to us in our narrow prison-house, up which we may ascend to look abroad a little way over the vast dominions of our great King!

To this contemplation the Bible itself refers us as our means of knowing the greatness and might of our God.

SECRET RELIGION.—*"Enter into thy closet."*—Matthew vi, 6.

"God is often lost," says Cecil, "in prayers and ordinances. 'Enter into thy chamber,' said he, 'and shut thy door about thee.' 'Shut thy door about thee,' means much; it means—shut out not only frivolity, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home; it means—let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or he will speak in thunder. I am persuaded the Lord would often speak more softly if we would shut the door."

AN ADMURATION OF THE FATHERLY CARE OF GOD.—*"He careth for you."*—1 Peter v, 7.

Christian Scriver, in his Gotthold's Emblems, gives the following: "A little boy was running about in an apartment, amusing himself as children are accustomed to do. His money was potsherds, his house bits of wood, his horse a stick, and his child a doll. In the same apartment sat his father, at a table, occupied with important matters of business, which he noted and arranged for the future benefit of his young companion. The child frequently ran to him, asked many foolish questions, and begged one thing after another as necessary for his diversion. The father answered briefly, did not intermit his work, but all the time kept a watchful eye over the child, to save him from any serious fall or injury. Gotthold was a spectator of the scene, and thought with himself: How beautiful an adumbration of the fatherly care of God! We, too, who are old children, course about in the world, and often play at games which are much more foolish than those of our little ones: we collect and scatter, build and demolish, plant and pluck up, ride and drive, eat and drink, sing and play, and fancy that we are performing great exploits, well worthy of God's special attention. Meanwhile, however, the Omniscient is sitting by and writing our days in his book. He orders and executes all that is to befall us, overruling it for our best interests in time and eternity; and yet his eye never ceases to watch over us, and the childish sports in which we are engaged, that we may meet with no deadly mischief.

"My God! such knowledge is too wonderful for me. It is high, and I can not attain unto it, but I shall thank and praise thee for it. O my Father! withhold not from me thy care and inspection, and, above all, at those times when, perhaps, like this little one, I am playing the fool."

RICHES.—*"If riches increase, set not your heart upon them."*—Psalm lxxii, 10.

Some years before the death of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, a friend had taken him to the bank, when one of the clerks, to whom he had occasion to speak, showed him some ingots of gold. Mr. Fuller seemed to tarry as he balanced one of them in his hand, while his companion was in haste to be gone. Thoughtfully eyeing the gold, he said, as he laid it down, "How much better is it to have this in the hand than in the heart!"

New York Literary Correspondence.

THERE is great cry about these times concerning the new magazine, "*The Northern Magazine*," about to be started in Boston. The American Athens declares itself at last awakened to a sense of what it ought to do for the country in the way of periodical literature—and, behold! we are about to be favored with something better, in the literary way, than America has yet seen. Not any thing excessively American or *original*—and that is at least one thing in favor of the new candidate for monthly favor and "quarters"—any thing "*original*" is sure to be so excessively stupid, you know—not any thing original, I say, but something—a magazine I mean—full of the best things by the best authors—an "*American Blackwood*," the Boston men call it. There are several points about this undertaking, so far as it has been developed to the literary public, about which, with your good leave, Mr. Editor, I desire to hold a little parley with such of your fair readers as may feel like listening to me. You know, in the old times—the good old times—when some doughty one was about to set out upon an adventurous exploit, wherein hard blows and honor were like to be more plenty than profit, there were never lacking a very respectable set of people—old fogies—who took pains to represent to the brave adventurer beforehand all the dangers of the proposed undertaking, and offer him—gratuitously of course—such safe advice as is usually prefaced by the words, "If it were I, now, who was to do this." So here goes. One could not exist in this hot weather, if it were not for an occasional sally of impertinence. "If it were I," then, I would not speak of an "*American Blackwood*," as our Boston cousins are doing, asking, "Can we not have an *American Blackwood*?" as though that were the great end and aim of all our efforts magazineward. It savors of snobbishness a little, and of slavish submission to an accomplished fact. Here, then, I would try to call forth a little, a very little, originality. Next, "if it were I," I would not call it a *northern* magazine. The name will not deceive northern people—for the magazine, look you, is to be of the rankest old fogy kind, else they would not have called it *northern*. And it *will* deceive our southern cousins, who cry, "Get thee behind me" to any thing labeled "*northern*," and are very apt to get no farther than the label, having a peculiar dislike to drawing the cork of any abolition vial of wrath. And then, "if it were I," I would not engage the "most celebrated authors in England and America;" because "the most celebrated authors" will wisely consider their names sufficient of a consideration for the \$—per page they will pocket from the new periodical, and fill the balance of the page or pages with such post-prandial cogitations as are too slow to make a mark elsewhere. Graham and Godey built up a tolerable circulation upon this plan, in days past, when this "*dodge*" was new. But the trick is stale, and even Graham and Godey have ceased their attempts at galvanizing themselves into a lifelike circulation, by a stupid poem from Longfellow, or a stupider essay by B., or L., or H. It won't do.

You will bear in mind, dear Mr. Editor, that I am now speaking of magazines intended to derive their support from men of all classes and opinions, and whose value is

to be judged more from a literary, than from a literary, moral, and religious stand-point. You will see, therefore, that in taking the liberty to speak to you and your readers of other magazines, I expressly leave the Repository and its class out of the question.

Now to proceed. The great question at issue with the Bostonians seems to be, "What is a good magazine?" "*Harper's is not*," says Jones at once. A fact is a stubborn thing. Harper's circulation is the stubbornest sort of a fact. The Repository's circulation, let me add, is the next most stubborn fact of the kind in this country. Well, Jones hops over this stubborn fact. That is the best way to do I have found, when ere now I have come against such things in my own walks. "*Harper's is not a good magazine*," says Jones; "*Putnam bade fair to be once, but it too failed of the mark. Now, then, what is it that we want? An American Blackwood, to be sure?*" says Jones. And then—

Now let us look at the question. The publisher—blessings on him—wants money. That's the first thing, and the most important. The public have the money. They will render it up for what? For amusement. Twist it how you will, you can't deny it—the first literary want of an American is amusement. He has a healthy and praiseworthy horror of stupidity. He wants to laugh—to have his fancy tickled. Not clown-wise—the laugh must not be empty. He is eager for the moral which shall come after, and shall in a manner warrant him for the expenditure of so much of valuable time, and breath, and eyesight. Ask any one of your 35,000 subscribers, Mr. Editor, what part of the Repository he turns to most invariably, and he will tell you it is your excellent "*Mirror of Wit and Apothegm*," and your "*Child's Table*." "Have you read Harper this month?" I asked a friend the other day—a "most grave and reverend seigneur," whose acquaintance, if I dared only mention his name here, would inspire you, fair reader, with the most respectful consideration for this present writer. "Only a small portion," answered he; "I have been too busy." "What did you do?" said I, smiling inwardly at what I knew would be the answer. "Well—[hesitatingly]—I am almost ashamed to confess it, but I wasted a whole forenoon over the Drawer."

I fear I am digressing woefully. To come to the point. There are three elements in opposition, in the carrying on of a magazine. The publisher, as aforesaid, wants money. The paying readers want a healthful and skillful combination of instruction and amusement, which includes sufficient of morality to make the matter palatable to Christians. For is not all morality Christian—of God through Christ? Lastly, the non-paying readers—which list includes critics, writers, and unreasonable and impractical men generally—insist upon "the highest literary excellence," and the magazine sent free of charge to their post-office address. Let us look for a moment at the demand of this last class. "The highest literary excellence," means, in point of fact, the utmost attainable correctness of language, the most artistic—that is, natural and plain—treatment of the subject, the most clear, concise, striking, and interesting setting forth of such store

of facts as the writer may have to dispose of, the most lively and pointed illustrations, the most trenchant and irresistible array of mental force. And it means all this applied to subjects in which the mass of readers is positively interested. But our impracticable men—who will read this, mayhap, and grant all I have said, stop short, far short of this mark. For them a magazine is a kind of debating-ground, where they endeavor, not to interest the great public, but to convince or puzzle each other; not to instruct and delight the commonplace masses by the lively and clear treatment of subjects generally thought uninteresting, but to attract the admiration of their superiors, and the envy of their equals, by a skillful fence of words, or by elaborate and stupid disquisitions on matters which interest chiefly or only men of science and letters.

It is so easy to be stupid. To be interesting, your writer must have his subject-matter clearly arranged in his mind, and must watch sharply that his mental forces are deployed in line at proper times and places. To be stupid, you have only to have the crude mass gathered away in your head, to sit down with sufficient determination and a proper number of cigars, and write what comes first. To be interesting, all your powers must be wide awake. To be stupid, you need only think yourself wiser than your neighbor, and commit your valuable thoughts to paper.

I hold that no subject, however abstruse, concerning what science soever you may choose to take in hand, is necessarily stupid. Sydney Smith, that great apostle of common sense, wrote on some of the most abstruse problems of his day, or any day. What more stupid than the Catholic Emancipation bill? or Prison Discipline? or the condition of the London Sweeps? or the fifty other politico-economical or humanitarian projects and subjects which engaged the mind and pen of that distinguished philosopher? And what in all English literature more brilliant, more sparkling and overflowing with the finest wit and humor, than his essays on these subjects? It is not fair, to be sure, to expect every man on the free list of a magazine to be a Sydney Smith. But then they ought, in common justice, to be more or less interesting, or to spare us their philosophy.

To conclude: I take the true aim of a popular magazine to be, to provide such mental pabulum for the masses as shall be likely to excite the attention and regard of the greatest possible number. Thus is the magazine editor enabled to benefit by useful information, or by plain and moral appeals to the sentiments, the great body of the people within his reach—and thus, if he do nothing else, raise their standard of literary excellence, and redeem them from the ruin and slough of trashy and impure literature—while at the same time the publisher—who is, after all, the chief person in the affair—reaps the golden harvest which he desiderates.

Did I not complain in some previous letter of mine of a species of literary infidelity, which seems going about the world at present like a pestilence? It is a bad age, after all; with its constant insisting that we shall believe in nothing of history which our fathers taught us. Homer might have been a respectable ballad-singer in his day; but he never wrote the "Iliad." Shakspeare might have acted a respectable second part at the Globe; but he never wrote "Macbeth" or "Hamlet." Walter Scott might have been a sound Scotch lawyer; but had nothing to do with the Waverley Novels. Columbus

might have made a voyage to Madeira; but he never discovered America. And so we go on, in this infidel generation, demolishing all the respectable names of the past—if we can—and casting our doubts against every modern discovery. Watt, for instance, did not invent the steam-engine; the electric telegraph was invented a century before Morse was heard of; and we shall hear, some day, that the ancient Mexicans cooked by gas and washed by steam. Columbus did not discover America! Who made the discovery then? Some wild Northmen, we are told; and a very learned and expensive book was published in Copenhagen some years ago to prove the fact.

Well, we in New York have just now a funny—to lookers on—quarrel as to the authorship of a poem which, first published last spring in one of our city weeklies, has attained a wide-spread and well-deserved reputation as one of the cleverest hits of the time. I mean "Nothing to Wear." The poem was published anonymously. When an illustrated edition was reprinted rumor began to mention as its author Mr. Wm. Allan Butler, a lawyer of this city, an able man and finished scholar. Presently, however, comes forward a Rev. Mr. Peck, and states that his daughter, a young school-girl of fifteen years, wrote a portion of the poem, containing not only all the leading ideas, but all the most striking expressions. The lines in question are alleged to have been written by the young lady nearly a year ago and lost in the street. They are so nearly identical with the published verses as entirely to exclude the idea of any coincidence of authorship. The first line, for example—

"Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison square"—

presents a combination which could hardly be original with any two persons, and other lines of the disputed portion are still more unlikely to have occurred, with such striking similarity of language, to two minds.

Of course an accusation of this kind was met by Mr. Butler by a positive and thorough denial of its truth, and the assumption by him of the authorship of the poem. The end of the matter is, that Mr. Peck is laughed at by all sensible men. Mr. Butler is a gentleman and scholar. He is a lawyer in active practice, but has for many years occasionally written and published in prose and poetry. Some of his poems may be found in Griswold's American Poets, and in the "Encyclopedia of American Literature," recently published by the Messrs. Duyekinek. A satirical poem, entitled "The Sexton and the Thermometer," founded on a tradition of Grace Church, published in 1849, and a little volume issued by the Appletons in 1850, containing, under the title of "Barnum's Parnassus," a collection of songs supposed to have been rejected by the committee on the prize song for the first Jenny Lind concert in this city, and which went through several editions, are well-known productions of his pen. The former of these poems is in style and construction very similar to "Nothing to Wear."

It seems strange that this Miss Peck, having lost her lines a year ago, comes six months after the publication of "Nothing to Wear," to claim what she styles her property, having meantime given no sign or token of her loss or her discovery. If the young lady can write any thing half so good as "Nothing to Wear," she will deserve great credit.

It is curious to notice that Australian scenes and Australian life are already utilized by English novel-writers,

short a time as that golden land has ceased to be a *terra incognita*, while our own California, much longer the scene of most marvelous romances in real life, has as yet found no writer to make its golden plains and wretched sea-shore the scene of a readable fiction. Tallengetta, a novel, by William Howitt, just published in England, and likely to be republished here, is a queer mixture of Australian settler life and spiritualism, told in a manner reminding one of Cooper, but unprepossessing on account of the large modicum of spiritualistic superstition interwoven with the story.

The book of the season, in my mind, is "Married and Single," by Miss C. M. Sedgewick, published by the Harpers. It is the most thoroughly American, and the most *real* book I have read in a long while. The time is the present. The place New York and New England. The people such as probably cross your path each day you go down Broadway. The beginning of the volume gives one an idea that the authoress is about to insist upon the reality of female single blessedness. But the moral—was it accidental and inevitable, or done of a forethought?—is strongly in favor of married life. I must say that I have no where seen the joys and sorrows of American married life in its really best phases, so accurately and naturally drawn. Nor do I know of a single book in all my reading, written with so much evident feeling, even fervor, yet displaying so little exaggeration in either statements or deductions. "Married and Single" is a book which old people will read with delight, and from which I opine young folks will get as much profit as pleasure.

Derby & Jackson are about, I understand, to publish a new work, by Rev. Wm. H. Millburn—Ten Years of a Preacher's Life.

The same firm has just issued a very sprightly and readable book, entitled, "Wild Northern Scenes; or, Sporting Adventures with the Rifle and the Rod. By S. H. Hammond." Every lover of nature will welcome this pleasant volume. The scenes described are principally in the wild and picturesque region lying between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain. Instead of following the multitude to the fashionable watering-places, the writer seems to have selected as the theater of his summer recreation, the romantic locality named, where he appears to have revelled away the summer days in a sort of primeval blessedness. The following picture is enough to extort, amid this hot weather, a sigh for something else than brick walls and scorching side-walks:

"Hurra! hurra! we are in the country—the glorious country! Outside of the thronged streets; away from piled-up bricks and mortar; outside of the clank of machinery; the rumbling of carriages; the roar of the escape-pipe; the scream of the steam-whistle; the tramp, tramp of moving thousands on the stone side-walks; away from the heated atmosphere of the city, loaded with the smoke, and dust, and gases of furnaces, and the ten thousand manufactories of villainous smells. We are beyond even the meadows and green fields. We are here alone with nature, surrounded by old primeval things. Tall forest trees, mountain and valley are on the right hand and on the left. Before us, stretching away for miles, is a beautiful lake, its waters calm and placid, giving back the bright heavens, the old woods, the fleecy clouds that drift across the sky, from away down in its quiet depths. Beyond, still, are mountain ranges, whose castellated peaks stand out in sharp and bold relief, on

whose tops the beams of the descending sun lie like a mantle of silver and gold. Glad voices are ringing; sounds of merriment make the evening joyous with the music of the wild things around us. Hark! how from away off over the water, the voice of the loon comes clear, and musical, and shrill, like the sound of a clarion; and note how it is borne about by the echoes from hill to hill. Hark! again, to that clanking sound away up in the air, metallic ringing, like the tones of a bell. It is the call of the cock of the woods as he flies, rising and falling, glancing upward and downward in his billowy flight across the lake. Hark! to that dull sound, like blows upon some soft, hollow, half-sonorous substance, slow and measured at first, but increasing in rapidity, till it rolls like the beat of a muffled drum, or the low growl of the far-off thunder. It is the partridge drumming upon his log. Hark! still again, to that quivering note, resembling somewhat the voice of the tree-frog when the storm is gathering, but not so clear and shrill. It is the call of the raccoon, as he clambers up some old forest tree, and seats himself among the lowest of its great limbs. Listen to the almost human halloo, the 'hoo! hohoo, hoo!' that comes out from the clustering foliage of an ancient hemlock. It is the solemn call of the owl, as he sits among the limbs, looking out from between the branches, with his great round gray eyes. Listen again and you will hear the voice of the cat-bird, the brown thrush, the chervink, the little chickadee, the wood-robin, the blue-jay, the wood-sparrow, and a hundred other nameless birds that live and build their nests and sing among these old woods."

The Harpers have just ready, "Liddell's School History of Rome," a companion book to "Smith's Greece," and "The Student's Gibbon." They have in preparation, "The Student's Hume," and "The Student's Russell's Modern Europe." All these are admirable compendiums of history, well adapted for the use of schools and private studies.

Mason & Brothers announce as forthcoming shortly, a new volume of "Fern Leaves," by the redoubtable Fanny, and "The Life and Times of Aaron Burr," by James Parton, equally noted as the biographer of Horace Greeley and the husband of Fanny Fern.

This firm has just published, "The Physiology of New York Boarding-Houses," by Thos. Butler Green. This is a curious book, whose sketches, in part truths, and partly caricatures, will not fail to impart a vivid view of some phases of New York life. The author walks into these institutions with great boldness—unfolds them in their varied aspects—plunges profoundly into his theme—marks every feature, so that the "mysteries" of the boarding-houses may be understood as amply developed in this comical production. The book is fully illustrated by pictorial embellishments, corresponding to the pen and ink portraits of the volume.

One word more touching the "M'Flimsey controversy," or the dispute concerning the authorship of *Nothing to Wear*. This dispute seems to be waxing warmer and warmer. Miss Peck is represented as a beautiful and precocious young lady, of whom a reliable correspondent of one of our city papers says, that "of her ability to write poetry of a far higher order than the mass of that which fills the magazines and newspapers, there can be no doubt." It must certainly be pronounced a very singular case, and will deserve a place in some future edition of the "Curiosities of Literature."

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

INFIDELITY.—Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington City, says that he knows of but one man among the scientific men of the United States who is an infidel. Science lays its honors upon the altar of inspiration, and learning bows in adoring humility before the God which the Bible reveals. Ignorance is not the mother of devotion in Protestant America, whatever it may be in Roman Catholic lands. The human mind in its highest achievements only learns to bend in reverence before the great First Cause, and confess its own inferiority. Science and religion join hands in perpetual union.

LETTER-STAMPS.—Messrs. Toppan, Carpenter & Co., the engravers and printers of United States letter-stamps, have put into use machinery for perforating the sheets of stamps, so that each stamp may be separated from the rest without being cut. The rough edges thus formed, by tearing through the holes, enable the stamp, when stuck upon a letter, to adhere more closely than if the edges were cut smooth. Simple as this device may seem, it is a very important one. The British Government had to pay two thousand pounds sterling for this invention.

TEMPERATURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.—Experiments and observations inform us that the temperature of the air uniformly decreases five degrees for every mile of ascent from the surface of the earth. Then at fifty miles' distance, which is the supposed extent of the atmosphere, we should have a temperature two hundred and fifty degrees lower than the average temperature of the earth; or, about two hundred degrees below zero. The greatest natural cold observed on the earth has not exceeded sixty degrees. Chemists have artificially frozen carbonic acid gas, which requires a reduction of temperature to one hundred and fifty degrees below zero. Therefore, at the height of the atmosphere, and all through unlimited space, we should infer that the cold is so intense that the gases would freeze, and the delicate perfumes of flowers must be warmed to be perceptible.

COST OF BRITISH ROYALTY.—Queen Victoria's annual salary is \$2,000,000—that of her husband, Prince Albert, is \$200,000—their eldest son, Prince of Wales, \$100,000; and Parliament has just granted to their eldest daughter, about to be married, a dowry of \$240,000. The following are the Queen's domestic salaries, paid from the public purse:

Lord Steward.....	\$10,000
Treasurer.....	4,500
Controller of Household.....	6,000
Clerk of the Kitchen.....	3,500
Gentleman of Wine and Beer Cellar.....	2,500
Ranger of Windsor Park.....	2,500
Lord Chamberlain.....	10,000
Vice Chamberlain.....	4,500
Keeper of Privy Purse.....	10,000
Mistress of the Robes.....	2,500
Groom of the Robes.....	4,000
8 Ladies of the Bedchamber, \$2,500 each.....	20,000
8 Maids of Honor, \$1,500 each.....	12,000
8 Bedchamber Women, \$1,500 each.....	12,000
8 Lords in Waiting, each \$3,500.....	28,000
8 Grooms in Waiting, \$1,675 each.....	13,400
4 Gentlemen Ushers, \$1,000 each.....	4,000
4 Gentlemen Ushers, Walters, \$750 each.....	3,000
4 Grooms of Privy Chamber, \$305 each.....	1,400
8 Quarterly Waiters, \$500 each.....	4,000

10 Grooms, \$300 each.....	\$2,000
Master of the Ceremonies.....	1,500
5 Pages of Back Stairs, \$2,000 each.....	10,000
6 Pages of the Presence, \$500 each.....	3,000
8 Sergeants-at-Arms, \$500 each.....	4,000
Ecclesiastical Staff.....	5,000
Sanitary Establishment.....	13,500
State Band Music.....	20,000
Examiner of Plays.....	2,000
Barge Master and Waterman.....	2,000
Corps of Gentlemen at Arms.....	25,500
Captain and Gold Stick.....	5,000
Lieutenant and Silver Stick.....	1,900
Body Guard of Yeomen.....	35,500
Governor of Windsor Castle.....	5,600
Master of Horse.....	12,500
Chief Equerry.....	5,000
4 Equerries in Ordinary, \$5,750 each.....	16,000
Crown Equerry.....	4,000
Master of Buck-Hounds.....	5,500
Hereditary Grand Falconer.....	6,000
Subordinate Salaries in Steward's Department.....	25,000

Amount.....\$373,760

Thus the whole annual expense of the royal family is \$2,673,760. Meanwhile England's national debt is \$4,000,000,000.

TURBINE WHEEL.—A Mr. Boyden, civil engineer, of Boston, has lately succeeded in constructing a Turbine water-wheel that saves ninety-six per cent. of the water power. In order to reach this grand result, he spent more than \$5,000 in the mere mathematical calculations. Mr. Boyden had agreed to construct a wheel for the Atlantic mills, Lowell, which should save seventy-six per cent. of the water power, and was to receive, as a compensation, \$2,000, and \$350 for every additional one per cent., and the result was as above stated.

The Atlantic company demurred at paying the large amount claimed, and was sued by Mr. Boyden. No jury or court being competent to comprehend the question, the case was referred to Judge Parker, of Cambridge, Professor Pierce, of Cambridge—mathematician—and James B. Francis, Lowell, Professor of Hydraulics. Judge Parker furnished the law, Mr. Francis the practical knowledge of hydraulics, and Professor Pierce the mathematical knowledge. It was a problem of great intricacy, and required long and profound study; but was settled at last in Mr. Boyden's favor, to whom the referees awarded the sum of \$18,760. His prodigious wheel is one hundred and four feet in diameter, and his achievement exceeds any thing of the kind that was ever made.

WEALTH OF ENGLAND.—The aggregate wealth of England is estimated at £4,447,000,000; of which amount, £1,700,000,000 is in cultivated soil; £550,000,000 in dwellings, factories, etc.; £750,000,000 in waste lands, public buildings, churches, hospitals, prisons, naval and military establishments; £300,000,000 in railways; £245,000,000 in live stock; £200,000,000 in canals; £200,000,000 in manufactured goods; £230,000,000 in agricultural implements; and £120,000,000 in mines.

WESLEYANS IN FRANCE.—The Wesleyans in France maintain one hundred and thirty-six pulpits, and seventy-eight preachers of various grades, twenty-nine Sabbath schools, Churches numbering 1,130 members, and congregations amounting to 15,000 hearers.

A HINT FOR HOUSEWIVES.—The wife of an American agriculturist has been experimenting on soaps, and finds that the addition of three-quarters of an ounce of borax to a pound of soap, melted in without boiling, makes a saving of one-half in cost of soaps, and three-fourths the labor of washing, and improves the whiteness of the fabrics; besides, the usual caustic effect is removed, and the hands are left with a peculiar soft and silky feeling, leaving nothing more to be desired by the most ambitious washerwoman.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.—Within the last twenty-five years all the principal features of the geography of our own vast interior regions have been accurately determined: the great fields of Central Asia have been traversed in various directions from Bokhara and the Oxus to the Chinese Wall; the half-known river-systems of South America have been explored and surveyed; the icy continent around the southern pole has been discovered; the north-western passage, the *ignis fatuus* of nearly two centuries, is at last found; the Dead Sea is stripped of its fabulous terrors; the course of the Niger is no longer a myth, and the sublime secret of the Nile is almost wrested from his keeping. The Mountains of the Moon, sought for through two thousand years, have been beheld by a Caucasian eye; an English steamer has ascended the Chadda to the frontiers of the great kingdom of Bornou; Leichardt and Stuart have penetrated the wilderness of Australia; the Russians have descended from Irkutsk to the mouth of the Amoor; the antiquated walls of Chinese prejudice have been cracked, and are fast tumbling down; and the canvas screens which surround Japan have been cut by the sharp edge of American enterprise. Such are the principal results of modern exploration. What quarter of a century, since the form of the earth and the boundaries of its land and water were known, can exhibit such a list of achievements?

SHIPWRECKS AND LIFE-BOATS.—The life-boats of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution have rescued from death, within a few months, seventy-six persons, connected with eleven shipwrecks. This is a most gratifying result, and affords a striking proof of what may be accomplished in this work of humanity by co-operation, by exertion, and by the skillful and courageous conduct of the boatmen concerned. The total number saved from shipwreck by the life-boats of this society, since its first establishment in 1824, is 10,161. Who can contemplate such a result without the most heart-felt satisfaction?

LAY PREACHING IN SCOTLAND.—Mr. Grant Macdowall, of Arndilly, also a gentleman of property and deserved influence, has recently devoted himself, with great energy and success, to the public advocacy of the claims of religion and temperance. We learn, also, that one of the land proprietors of this county, Captain Macdonald, of Sandside, has been holding and addressing religious meetings in his district, and that the meetings have been attended by very large numbers of people, many traveling distances of ten or twelve miles to hear the Captain exhorting the people to repentance, faith, and godliness. At Sandside store there was recently gathered an immense concourse of deeply attentive and much interested people.

We are pleased with this movement, and care not how many talented laymen in the Churches of Christendom—

men who have the grace of God in their hearts, and influence and leisure—take up the work of exhorting the multitude to “repentance, faith, and godliness.” We have a suspicion that this very thing must become general at some time previously to “that day.” “Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy.”

EFFECTS OF WORSHIP ON THE INSANE.—Miss Dix, the American philanthropist, states that, among the hundreds of insane people with whom her sacred missions have brought her into companionship, she has not found one individual, however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones. The power of religious sentiments over those shattered souls seems miraculous. The worship of a quiet, loving heart affects them like a voice from heaven. Tearing and rending, yelping and stamping, singing and groaning, gradually subside into silence, and they fall on their knees, or gaze upward, with clasped hands, as if they saw through the opening darkness a golden gleam from the Father's throne of love.

THE WATER TELESCOPE, for seeing under water, consists of a tube to enable a person looking over the gunwale of a boat to rest the head on one end, while the other is below the surface of the water; the upper end being so formed that the head may rest on it, both eyes seeing freely into the tube. Into the lower end is fixed—water-tight—a plate of glass, which, when used, is to be kept under the surface of the water, so that the spectator, looking down the tube, sees all objects at the bottom, whose reflective powers are able to send off rays of sufficient intensity to be impressed on the retina, after suffering the loss of light caused by the absorbing power of the water. In clear water the bottom may thus be seen at the depth of twelve fathoms. This contrivance is much used in seal-shooting along our northern and western islands, where, sometimes in the form of an ordinary washing-tub with a piece of glass fixed in its bottom, the shot seal is looked for, and the grappling-hook let down to bring him to the surface. The Norwegian fishermen also often use this telescope when their anchors get into foul ground, or their cables warped on a roadstead.

ARCHIMEDES AND HIS LEVER.—“Give me where I may stand and I will move the world.” Dr. Arnott says that he would have required to move with the velocity of a cannon-ball for millions of years to alter the position of the earth a small part of an inch. Indeed, the feat is performed by every man who leaps from the ground; for he kicks the earth away from him whenever he rises, and attracts it to him when he falls.

CARDINAL WISEMAN ON THE SABBATH.—Cardinal Wiseman says, in one of his sermons, that the Roman Catholic Church has ever held that, religious duties duly performed, the Christian Sunday is to be regarded and used by all, and especially by the great bulk of the people, as a day of innocent amusement and recreation, and that such should be afforded to them by the state by every means in its power. This, he thought it right to declare publicly, was, and is the mind of the Church of Christ—Roman Catholic—on the subject.

We consider the above a very important admission, and it tallies perfectly with the laxity in respect to the Sabbath which notoriously prevails coextensively with the baleful influence of Romanism.

INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY.—At the late anniversary of this institution Dr. Curry resigned the presidency, and Messrs. Nadal and Downey their professorships. Dr. Curry resumes the pastoral relation in the New York East conference, and is stationed in Brooklyn. Professor Nadal also returns to his old conference, and is presiding over the Roanoke district. Professor Downey has accepted of a professorship in the Iowa Wesleyan University. Hon. David McDonald, an eminent lawyer and a layman in the Methodist Episcopal Church, was elected to the presidency in the place of Dr. Curry, and Rev. C. Nutt, A. M., and Miles J. Fletcher, Esq., were elected professors. The faculty is thus complete; it is also able and united. The University is one of the best endowed colleges we have, and it has a strong and unflinching hold upon the confidence and affections of the Methodists of Indiana. They have several local institutions of a college grade, but this is their grand central institution—the right arm of their educational power. A project is now on foot for its removal to Indianapolis. The inhabitants of that city, it is said, will contribute largely to erect proper buildings for it should the change of location be effected. This they can well afford to do, as its location there will not only contribute to the growth and material resources of the city, but also to its general reputation and influence. At that point, too, the University will be more readily accessible than from any other; centrally and eligibly located, too, it will wield an influence and have a reputation in the state commensurate with its deserts.

DICKINSON COLLEGE graduated nineteen to the degree of A. B., and fourteen, in course, to that of A. M. The honorary A. M. was conferred on Professor W. Elliott of Baltimore, and the degree of D. D. on Rev. Joseph Castle of the Philadelphia conference, Rev. B. H. Nadal of the Baltimore conference, Rev. G. R. Crooks of the New York East, and on C. P. Wing of Carlisle. Professor Tiffany retired from his professorship, and Rev. W. L. Boswell, A. M., Principal of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, New York, was elected to succeed him.

M'KENDREE COLLEGE.—Dr. Akers has retired from the presidency of this College, and his residence will hereafter be at Red Wing, Minnesota. Feeble health has induced him to seek a higher latitude. Rev. T. H. Mudge, A. M., was elected to the chair of Biblical Literature in the institution. Professor J. G. Blair is the successor of Dr. Akers in the presidency. He brings to his new post a well-trained mind and a practical experience.

THE IOWA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY seems now to be under the full tide of prosperity. Its recent Commencement was an occasion of unusual interest, and augurs well for the future of that rising institution. Five young men graduated to the first degree in the arts. Dr. Elliott occupies the chair of Biblical Literature. Bishop Hamline has also taken up his residence at Mount Pleasant. Dr. Berry is President of the institution.

THE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF OHIO.—A coalition has been formed by which the Miami Medical College has been merged into this institution. Both these colleges have enjoyed a high reputation and received a large patronage; but the concentration of that patronage, it was believed, would have a beneficial effect upon the cause of medical science. Acting with that view, the result above indicated has been reached. The new or-

ganization presents a powerful array of talent, though we miss one or two we would like to have seen in it. The regular course will open on the 14th of October. The fees are as follows: For the whole course \$80, matriculation \$5, graduation \$25.

EXTENSION OF THE MISSIONARY WORK.—Two missionaries—Rev. Messrs. Long and Prettyman—have recently been sent out, with their wives, by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to Bulgaria, in Turkey. The following is from the speech of Dr. Durbin on the occasion of their departure. It will give a very clear idea of the character and prospects of this new mission. The Doctor regarded it as one of the most hopeful missions of the Church, and said: "It was chiefly a mission to the Bulgarian people, who were descended from the Greek Church, and are of the Slavonian race, which numbers about 12,000,000 of people. The Slavonian is the ancient classic language of the people, and they are as much attached to it as the Greeks are to their ancient language, and hence are dissatisfied with the Greek patriarch of Constantinople, who appoints over them Greek bishops, and insists on the use of the Greek language in their religious services and in their schools. When the war closed it broke the power of Russia, and the Slavonians felt at liberty. They accordingly renewed their application to the American Board to take charge of them. A nobleman offered a home for the mission, and obtained a supply of Bibles, in the Slavonian tongue, for the use of the people. The American Board, finding itself not able to grant their request, directed their attention to the Methodist Episcopal Church. When he as the Corresponding Secretary asked the Secretary of the American Board why they turned to us, he replied, 'We see you are a young and growing people, and we have reason to believe you will be pleasant neighbors.' Our missionaries, said the Doctor, will go into Bulgaria proper, which covers an extent of territory three hundred miles long and one hundred broad, containing a population of three millions. This territory lies on the border of Wallachia and Moldavia, and is connected with Hungary and southern Russia, where there is a large Protestant element, and he hoped the day would come when another Silistria would be formed, and evangelical religion would triumph throughout the whole of southern Europe."

We like this policy of extending our missionary work even in the face of difficulties. It is the true element of success. Let the people know that the work is to be pushed forward—new ground to be broken up.

COMPENSATED EMANCIPATION.—Daniel Webster once expressed his willingness to vote an appropriation of \$900,000,000 for the purchase and liberation of the slave population of the United States. Such a scheme is now advocated by Elihu Burritt and other philanthropists. Admitting \$250 to be a fair average price, including the infants and the aged, the sick and the infirm—then the liberation of 3,500,000 slaves would cost \$875,000,000. The public lands, if set apart for this object, would be more than twice enough to effect it. This proposition is worthy of consideration.

REV. ROBERT ALLYN has succeeded Prof. Leavitt in the chair of Ancient Languages in the Ohio University. Mr. Allyn has large and successful experience as an educator. He leaves the office of Superintendent of Common Schools of Rhode Island for the professorship.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

Does the Bible sanction chattel slavery? This question is just now assuming unwonted importance. The south have already discovered that the system must have a more substantial support than apology for it as a "necessary evil." If it be an "evil," the conscience of the people—nay, their very manhood would demand its abatement. Between its "extirpation" and its rectitude, there is no middle ground—none which can be taken without derogating from the manhood of him who assumes it. Under this conviction, the upholders of slavery in the south are quitting the ground of apology, and boldly assuming its rectitude. Some of the strongest intellects in the slave states are now bending themselves to the task of proving that the Bible sanctions chattel slavery. The reason and conscience of the south are to be schooled into this new principle. This will account for the fact that the southern press is sending forth in such rapid succession, so many works defending the institution—defending it on the principles of utility, rectitude, and religion. In a former generation, the bold assaults made upon Christianity by the trained band of atheists, summoned champions for the truth into the field, and the citadels of defense cast up by them will bid defiance to Satan and his emissaries for all coming time. So in this conflict. Champions are rushing to the rescue; and the result will be the complete vindication of the Bible from all complicity with this monster iniquity.

These thoughts have been suggested by the perusal of a book just issued by the Western Book Concern—"The Bible and Slavery"—from the pen of Dr. C. Elliott. A single paragraph—see page 23—will indicate the scope of the Doctor's conclusions: "Slavery is condemned in various ways in the history of the patriarchs, in the code of Moses, by the prophets, by Christ and his apostles. Among the patriarchs it is condemned in the case of Joseph, and of the Israelites in Egypt, and in the principles of right delivered in these times in Genesis. The law of Moses makes slavery a capital crime, worthy of death to the enslaver. (Exodus xxi, 16.) The same law regulates service so that it must never, in a single instance, become slavery. The prophets denounce slavery in every case in which the Jews perverted service into slavery. One leading object in Christ's mission was, to proclaim liberty to the captives; and his doctrines of brotherhood, of reciprocal good acts, and of love to others, proscribe slavery as criminal; and man-stealing, by the apostle Paul, is ranked among the most odious vices. The relation of master and slave was never originally instituted by any law of God; and, whenever induced by wrong human laws, it is to be dissolved, with the least possible delay, in consistency with justice and humanity."

The Doctor shows, very conclusively, we think, that white men were held to service under one form or another, and for a limited time, under the patriarchal and Mosiac dispensations; but that they gave no place to chattel and unlimited bondage. As to the relations of the New Testament to slavery, both the Savior and his disciples condemned it, not only in direct terms, but also

by the principles they taught. In short, the work is a full and complete vindication of the Bible from all complicity with the great evil. In view of the great movement now on foot, to spread around this system of darkness and death, the sanctions of revelation and religion, we regard the publication of Dr. Elliott's work most opportune, and ask for it a candid perusal on the part of all interested in the subject.

PICTURES OF SLAVERY IN CHURCH AND STATE, by Rev. J. D. Long, of the Philadelphia annual conference, has already been announced by us. The work bears a thorough, outspoken testimony on the subject of "the great evil." It is mostly narrative—blending the experience and observations of Mr. Long, while called to preach in slave territory. In a literary point of view, it has few claims; but its plain, homespun language is richly freighted from the very heart of the author. This, together with the variety of incidents, and the novelty of the aspects in which slavery is viewed, make it an extremely interesting book.

We must, however, think the author is in error when he asserts that within the bounds of the Philadelphia conference, in the fellowship of the Church, "there are at least one thousand mercenary slaveholders;" and that "these one thousand slaveholders own at least three thousand slaves." (Page 48.) In the Baltimore conference he estimates at least an equal number—making two thousand "mercenary" slaveholders, owning six thousand slaves. "By actual slaveholders," he says, "I mean those who hold them for gain, just as the utterly irreligious hold them." After making these statements, the author adds, that these mercenary slaveholders are "all sheltered by the Discipline of our Church." This latter we regard as a most rash and unwarrantable statement. If a mercenary slaveholder finds place in the Methodist Episcopal Church, it is because he tramples down her Discipline, and not because he finds "shelter" in it. We preach no new doctrine. Such has been the doctrine of the Church from the beginning. Such was the doctrine of Hedding—expressed even in his "golden rule argument"—and repeated orally times without number. Such has been the doctrine of Fisk, and Bangs, and others, whose conservative views have sometimes subjected them to the charge of being "pro-slavery." Such also have been the views of many who have stood foremost in the great battle against the system of slavery. There may have been under currents and eddies in our history as a Church; there may have been incongruous and contradictory legislation; but he who declares that the Church shelters and protects this "great evil," has studied to but little purpose her unchangeable declaration of principles, and the spirit and intent of her legislation.

Mr. Long says: "As the Discipline now is, men can breed slaves for their children and grandchildren; and, when no white person is present, sell them with impunity. I could give facts of recent occurrence; but I forbear."

If such evils exist, they exist not with the sanction of the Methodist Discipline, but in violation of it. It is absurd to say that the Discipline "as it now is" sanc-

tions such iniquities. We might as well claim that it sanctions robbery or murder, because, perchance, some of its members may have been guilty of such crimes. Mr. Long, like many others, fails to discriminate between the provisions of the Discipline, and the administration of it. The provisions may be good and the administration bad, and vice versa. We are very apt to count that a bad law which has a bad administration. If the evils complained of really exist in the Church, and are sanctioned by the Discipline, then we say, correct the Discipline. But if they exist without such sanction, then we say, correct the administration. Let the correction be applied to the source of the evil.

The work is on sale at the Western Book Concern.

MESSRS. RUSSELL & RICHARDSON, of Boston—No. 291 Washington-street—have recently issued "The Family Circle Glee Book." It contains about two hundred songs, glees, choruses, etc., including many of the most popular pieces of the day, arranged and harmonized for four voices, with full accompaniments for the piano, seraphine, and melodeon. The work has been compiled by Elias Howe, the author of several popular musical works. We do not know of a more charming companion for the piano than this—so far as genuine household melodies are concerned. Price, \$1.25.

We have already noticed the early and lamented death of M. Louisa Chitwood—one of the most gifted birds of song our country has produced. She was still in her youth, but rising rapidly to fame, when the insatiate archer marked her as his victim. Calmly she yielded to the dread summons, for she knew that her Redeemer lived. She was an esteemed and worthy member of the Methodist communion. At the time of her death the press called loudly for the publication of her poems. That wish is now gratified. Her fugitive pieces were committed to the editorial supervision of George D. Prentice—himself a poet and prose writer, standing in the first ranks of American literature. A better selection could not have been made; for in addition to eminent qualifications, he had a most hearty appreciation of the genius of the young poet. The result is before us in a neat 12mo. of 288 pages, from the press of Moore, Wilstach & Keys, of Cincinnati. We hope to elong to favor our readers with a portrait of the author, and also some notice of her life and genius. The responsibility of the publication has been assumed by the bereaved mother. We hope the lovers of good poetry, and all who would patronize and encourage the poetic genius of our own country, will purchase this volume. It may be ordered through the Western Book Concern.

THERE is another poet of the west recently passed away, whose poetical works ought also to be embalmed in our national literature. We refer to Otway Curry. The poems have been gathered; they are well worthy of publication; where is the publisher who will undertake their publication?

HISTORY OF THE DISCIPLINE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. By Robert Emory. Revised, and brought down to 1856, by W. P. Strickland. Carlton & Porter.—We have here Dr. Emory's admirable digest of the Methodist Discipline, revised by Dr. Strickland, and brought down to the present time. The whole original work has undergone thorough and careful revision, and all the changes which have been made in the Discipline

since 1840 have been inserted in their appropriate places. Thus the book presents us with a complete view of the economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from the commencement of its history, and will be deemed indispensable, especially to every minister of that Church.

THE CITY OF SIN, AND ITS CAPTURE BY IMMANUEL'S ARMY—as Allegory. By Rev. E. F. Remington, A. M. With an Introduction, by Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D. Carlton & Porter.—This book is an effort somewhat after the manner of Bunyan, to convey important religious instruction in a figurative costume. The design we esteem to be a good one, and, for the most part, well executed; and we cheerfully acquiesce in the remarks of Dr. Cheever in the conclusion of his introductory essay. "This book," he writes, "needs only to be set in circulation, and it will find many interested and sympathizing readers, who will gather both instruction and excitement, spiritual and edifying, from its pages."

THE following Sunday School Books, published by the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have been received:

THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER; or, *The Story of Little Mary's Life*.—An affecting account, and beautifully written, and fraught with scenes and incidents in a heathen land.

MATTY GREGG; or, *The Woman that did what she could*.—A very pleasant little volume—well and skillfully written, and eminently calculated to interest and benefit the reader.

THE GIANT-KILLER; or, *The Battle which all must fight—an allegory*.—Descriptions of the Christian warfare, wherein the great obstacles to Christian perseverance and success are personified as hostile giants, and are fought and overcome by the victor—Faith. It will entertain and interest the child.

ANNIE LEE AND HER IRISH NURSE.—Mrs. Gardner, the authoress, from her long and familiar acquaintance with the Irish character, as well as from her accomplishments and success as a writer, is just the person to favor the children with such a book as this, and she has executed her task with much ability and beauty.

THE FOSTER BROTHERS; or, *Duty to-day and Pleasure to-morrow. A Story for Boys*.—And it is a story full of sprightliness, and will not fail to interest the class for whom it is designed, and inspire them with a special desire to select that pathway of life which, though rough and self-denying at first, yet leads to glory, honor, and immortality.

LITTLE JESSIE'S WORK, AND THE BROKEN ROSE-BUDS.—A beautiful child was "Little Jessie," and beautiful was the work she wrought; for to influence a single sinner toward repentance and Christ, is better than to conquer the world. *The Broken Rose-Buds* also is a sweet and affecting little story.

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' ILLUSTRATED BIRD-BOOK. By Julia Coleman.—A very attractive little volume, that shows us pictures of all the more common birds, set in a frame-work of pleasant dramatic sketches, forming, in fact, a twofold set of charming pictures—the one for the eye, and the other for the imagination. Several of the plates are exquisitely colored, and the book will prove a very taking, as well as a highly instructive and useful one to the children.

BALLYSHAN CASTLE is a Protestant tale, published by N. Tibbals & Co., of New York—a 12mo. of 355 pages. We are assured that the staple of the work is sober matter of fact. Its author—who, by the way, is a young Christian woman—a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church—is highly honored by the encomiums bestowed by the press upon this the maiden effort of her pen. The main design of the work, as we gather from a glance at it, is to show the wickedness, bigotry, and folly of the proscriptive and persecuting spirit of Romanism; and to place it in contrast with the genuine spirit of Christianity, as exhibited under the nurture of the Protestant faith. The narrative is written in a lively, pleasing style, and some of the descriptive scenes are wrought up with fine effect.

The Rev. Dr. Dowling says: "Though there is evidence enough that the authoress belongs to another Protestant denomination than that with which I stand connected, yet the spirit of the work is by no means sectarian, and I most cheerfully commend it to Protestants of every name."

For sale at the Western Book Concern.

THE LIFE OF CURRER BELL—Charlotte Brontë—is bringing afresh before the public the charming series of tales—life dramas, we might call them—produced by her and her gifted sisters. They comprise the following list, namely: *The Professor*, *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley*, *Villette*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. Of these, *Jane Eyre* is no doubt best known to our readers. The *Life*, just published, takes the mask from many of the characters in the above works. The above works are published by Harpers. Western publishers, Derby, Demarest & Harper, Cincinnati.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

A BACCALAUREATE TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE INDIANA ASBURY FEMALE COLLEGE, NEW ALBANY, AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1857. By B. F. Rawlins, A. M., President.—This is a judicious discourse, adorned with pertinent Scriptural and historical illustration, and admirably adapted to its purpose.

"AN ADDRESS ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE JOHN LOCKE, delivered at the request of the Cincinnati Medical Society, by M. B. Wright, M. D."—Dr. Locke was eminent for his scientific and professional attainments. The address before us is written with great felicity of style, and shows a just and generous appreciation of the character of its subject.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE is issued monthly, and will be found a most serviceable companion for the traveler. Price, 25 cents.

MANUAL OF INFORMATION, respecting the Garrett Biblical Institute. J. Dempster, D. D., D. P. Kidder, D. D., and H. Banister, D. D., Professors. John K. Johnston, A. M., Preparatory Department.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Board of Ministers of the United Brethren in Christ, with a list of life members and directors.

BALDWIN UNIVERSITY, Berea, O., Rev. John Wheeler, A. M., President, assisted by six professors and teachers. Total number, 312.

DICKINSON SEMINARY, Williamsport, Penn., Rev. Thos.

Bowman, D. D., Principal, assisted by ten teachers. Students, 436.

SCIENCE HILL FEMALE ACADEMY, Shelbyville, Ky., Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, Principal, assisted by eleven teachers. Students, 253.

WORTHINGTON FEMALE COLLEGE, Worthington, O., Rev. Benjamin St. James Fry, A. M., President, assisted by four teachers.

XENIA FEMALE ACADEMY AND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, Xenia, O., Rev. O. M. Spencer, A. M., President, aided by five teachers. Students, 124.

ALBION FEMALE COLLEGE AND WESLEYAN SEMINARY, Rev. Thomas H. Sinex, A. M., President, assisted by a faculty of seven professors and teachers. Total number of students, 356.

CATALOGUE AND REGISTER OF FORT WAYNE COLLEGE, Rev. R. D. Robinson, A. M., President, assisted by seven professors and teachers. Total number of students, 293.

THE GENERAL CATALOGUE OF THE OHIO UNIVERSITY, prepared by Prof. W. H. Young, makes a fine 8vo. pamphlet of 42 pages. The whole number of its alumni is 175. Of these, 53 are lawyers, 53 clergymen, 30 professors and teachers, and 13 physicians. The honorary degrees conferred are, 5 of the degree of A. B., 32 of A. M., 8 of D. D., and 1 LL. D. The number of students in attendance is 186.

MORE'S HILL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, Ia.—Rev. S. R. Adams, A. M., President, assisted by 8 teachers. Students: collegiate department, 66; preparatory, 131—total, 197.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for July, contains—1. New Sea-Side Studies, No. II—the Sicily Isles. 2. Part II of What Will we Do With It? 3. Charles the Fifth. 4. Scenes of Clerical Life. 5. Currer Bell. 6. Life of Sir Charles J. Napier. 7. Representation of the Colonies. Sea-Side Studies are instructive as well as interesting. "Currer Bell"—Charlotte Brontë—is exceedingly piquant. The number is one of unusual interest. L. Scott & Co., New York. \$3.

We are indebted to Rev. W. F. Lowe, the Secretary, for the recent Minutes of Niagara and Bay Quinte annual conferences of the Canada Methodist Episcopal Church. In the former conference there are 6,791 members, and 86 traveling preachers; in the latter, 6,561 members, and 71 traveling preachers—making a total of 13,352 members, and 157 preachers. The Canada Christian Advocate is published by this body, at Hamilton, U. C. It is an ably conducted journal, edited by Rev. G. Shepard. They have also a Book Concern at the same place. While examining this interesting document, we were led to inquire whether there is not some ground on which a union could be effected between the Wesleyan connection in Canada and the Methodist Episcopal Church there. Kindly as they may feel and act toward each other, their separate organization must tend to weaken each in many places. If combined, they would make a powerful organization, efficient for good.

METHODIST ALMANAC for 1858 is on our table—a desideratum for every Methodist family—cheap, reliable, and abounding with interesting statistics.

Notes and Queries.

GERMAN AND DUTCH.—By many these are confounded, not only as to language, but as to nationality. There is a wide distinction between them. The *German* is the language of Austria proper, Styria, the Tyrol, parts of Bohemia and Moravia, a portion of Transylvania, and of some other parts of the Austrian empire. It is the language of the greater part of Prussia, and of all the smaller states of Germany—such as Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, Württemberg, etc., excepting only east Friesland. It is spoken also in parts of Switzerland. There are, however, various dialects, and the Swiss differs much from the Saxon. The only nation which speaks the language is the German; but Germany is divided into several states, and distributed among several sovereignties.

The *Dutch* is peculiarly the language of Holland, and is not spoken much elsewhere. As there are but few emigrants from Holland, we do not often see a genuine Dutchman, though we commonly misname the German, Dutch. W.

ARCHITECTURAL DEVICE.—Over the principal entrance to cathedrals, it was formerly customary to place a large rose window, called a Wheel of Providence. It was usually surrounded by seven rays, upon which were pictures in the stained glass, emblematic of the vicissitudes of human life. The *seven ages*, I suppose, became in this way the proverbial number. They are familiar to us from Shakspeare's description, in which he mentions the leading features of the life of man: 1. Infancy. 2. Boyhood. 3. Youth. 4. Manhood. 5. Maturity. 6. Old Age. 7. Decrepitude.

Wheels of Providence were frequently introduced in the sculptures, paintings, and other decorations of ancient churches. W.

A CURIOUS COIN.—The Germans used to have a coin known by the name of the screw-dollar. These coins were made to unscrew, and inside of them were placed paintings, carved ivory plates, written prayers, etc. They often contained portraits of distinguished military men, imperial governors of the cities, and representations of the Holy Trinity. They were quite common in the town of Augsburg; but whether they were uttered elsewhere, I am not informed; nor do I know the origin of so singular a custom. S. W. W.

ON A READING IN MILTON.—In the beginning of Book II, of *Paradise Lost*, occurs these lines:

"Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Many persons read *barbaric* as an epithet of *pearl and gold*. So I have recently seen it quoted by one of England's most distinguished writers. The line should be punctuated so as to make the adjective descriptive of *kings*. Two considerations require this; the rhythm and the fact. The demi-cesura can fall only after the word *barbaric*, if the reader desires to preserve the music of the verse; and according to the prevailing sentiment of the classic nations, only *persons* were denominated *barbaric*—never *gold and gems*. S. W. W.

DOG DAYS.—This name was given to a certain portion of summer, from the fact that, in the time of the ancient astronomers, the star *Sirius*, called also "The Dog Star," rose just before the sun about the beginning of July; and the sultry heat of that season, together with the tendency of dogs to run mad, were ascribed to the raging of the star. Hence the time of its ascendency was called *dog days*. Owing to the precession of the equinoxes, the heliacal rising of *Sirius* now takes place in a later or cooler season of the year, and can have no relation to what we call dog days.

MONOSYLLABIC COMPOSITION.—Shakspeare makes abundant use of monosyllables. There are forty in four lines in "King John," act iii, sc. 3, where the King is pausing in his wish to incense Hubert to Arthur's murder. He says:

"Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say. But let it go."

So too, in "Julius Cæsar," act i, sc. 2, in the six lines following, but three words occur of more than one syllable, and one of them is a proper name:

"Now in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble blood!
When went there by an age since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?"

Many more such illustrations might be given from Shakspeare's plays. In our language, monosyllables are nearly all of Saxon origin, and are the most nervous expressions of our ideas.

"RELIABLE."—This incorrect word is fast gaining ground, and unless protested against, it will soon find its way into dictionaries, and become recognized English. Thus is our mother tongue weakened and abused!

"These loose observations are the result of a train of thought suggested by a word, which, having sprung up—I think—within the last ten years, is now found in nearly every review and newspaper—I mean the word *reliable*. *Reliable* evidence, *reliable* information, and similar phrases abound every-where; but the absurdity of the expression, by whomsoever invented, to say nothing of our having already the nervous old word *trustworthy*, and its synonym *credible*, is a sufficient reason for its immediate rejection. To *rely* is a verb neuter, and can not precede an accusative without the intervention of the preposition *on* or *upon*; to make it equivalent to *trust*, this preposition is indispensable, and therefore if the new word be any thing at all, it is not *reliable*, but *reliable*!"—*Contributions to Literature*, (London, 1854,) p. 278.

All this strikes us as somewhat hypercritical. It would be easy to raise a quarrel against a multitude of words on grounds equally tenable. Take, for example, one of this very class, and one used in the very note just quoted—

indispensable. Here the word *dispense* has the neuter, or intransitive sense, and is followed by the preposition *with*. Hence, according to the note above, the compound ought to be *indispens-with-able*! The sum of the whole seems to be that, in so subtle a thing as language, to fight against a word or phrase that can claim *good usage* for its support, is simply trifling and futile.

QUERY.—As a minister I especially am interested to know whether or not we have the word “resurrected” in our language. I do not find it in “Webster’s Unabridged,” and I suppose it is the standard Dictionary of the English language. I do not like to use “resuscitated” in its place, for it comes far from containing the same meaning. I can not see the propriety of doing without the word “resurrected,” when I find so many words in the dictionary of exactly similar terminations with the “ed” affixed. For instance, “attracted,” “neglected,” “afflicted,” “reflected,” and “corrected.” The last of this list you will see is very much like “resurrected,” only it is not quite so long. R. L. C.

“DOG-CHEAP.”—Dr. Johnson says, under this word, “Cheap as dogs’ meat; cheap as the offal bought for dogs.” This definition Dr. Webster approves, and copies literally. It is an explanation, however, evidently invented to meet the present form of the word, and awkwardly fails to do even that. It imposes upon the expression a sense unknown to usage, and is entirely at variance with the analogies which hold in the composition of words. The word as it now stands, if composed, as assumed, of *dog* and *cheap*, undoubtedly rather means “cheap as dogs;” just as the word “dirt-cheap” certainly means “cheap as dirt.” But *dogs*, however worthless some of them are, have never, as a class, been proverbial for cheapness. And so evidently is this not the meaning attaching to the compound that the lexicographers have, for lack of a better explanation, foisted in the unauthorized notion of “dogs’ meat,” as being, perhaps, the nearest thing they could think of, to the *dogs themselves*!

Nor will the analogy of such words as the Greek “ox-hunger,” “ox-fig,” and the English “horse-laugh,” “horse-radish,” apply in this instance. For though, so far as the general meaning is concerned, all these prefixes, *ox*, *horse*, *dog*, have the same notion of *intensity*, or *strengthened expression*, underlying their use in their compounds, yet the particular principle governing in the case of the former two, can not be stretched to embrace the latter. In those instances the notion of excess, or grossness, is expressed by using the names of animals, whose size or other qualities most strongly impress the imagination; which can not be the case with the *dog*.

Some other explanation is needed—an explanation which looks beyond the present form of the word.

The word *cheap* is from the Saxon, and means literally *bargained*, “*chaf*”—fered: without, of itself, determining whether the bargain be a good or a bad one. It is *now* always taken in the former sense, just as we sometimes use the word *bargain*, alone, unqualified by any adjective, to mean a *good bargain*—“I had it at a bargain.” Thus Cowper, describing the timid amateur at a sale of paintings, says:

“Off as the price-decking hammer falls,
He notes it in his book, then raps his box,
Swears ‘t is a bargain, rails at his hard fate
That he has let it pass—but never bids.”

Last, Book VII.

A few hundred years ago, however, it was different with regard to this absolute use of the word *cheap*. When the buyers of those times wished to declare a purchase an eligible one, they spoke of it not simply as “cheap,” as we, their children, do now, but as “good-cheap,” *very cheap*, or as we, by a metathesis* of the first word, sometimes say, “dog-cheap.”

A few instances which I have noted in reading, of the use of the original word, in the old English writers, will set this etymology of “dog-cheap” in a clearer light. It will be seen that one of them contains the comparative “better-cheap,” which was used to express what we now indicate by the inflection “cheaper.” Horne Tooke suggests that “bad-cheap” was in use as well as “good-cheap.” This is not improbable in itself, but he cites no instance, and I have met with none.

“How many there are which thou canst not make believe that a thousand things are sin, which God damneth for sin all the Scripture throughout; as, to buy as *good-cheap* as he can, and to sell as dear as he can.”—Tyndale, “The Wicked Mammon,” p. 122.

“Thy face is an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as *good-cheap* at the dearest chandler’s in Europe.”—*Fulstiff to Bardolph—First Henry IV*, 3, 3.

“Behold, victuals shall be so *good-cheap* upon earth, that they shall think themselves to be in good case.”—*Second Edras XVI*, 21.

“And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe againe *better-cheape*
By a hundred markes than I had it of thee.”

The Heire of Linne, r. 155
W. G. Wa.

Boo!—How many are aware of the origin of the word “Boo!” used to frighten children? It is a corruption of Bob, the name of a fierce Gothic general, the son of Odin, the mention of whose name spread a panic among his enemies.

BOOK-KEEPING.—Book-keeping was first introduced into England from Italy, by Peele, in 1569. It was derived from a system of algebra, published by Bueno, at Venice.

PHILOSOPHICAL QUERY.—Is it *true* that “a cannon-ball projected from the top of a tower, horizontally, will reach the earth as soon as if dropped perpendicularly?” Will not centrifugal force overcome centripetal in the least? Then why does the barometer *fall* as the wind *rises*?

HORACE.

Who are the two witnesses spoken of in Rev. xi, 3?

Why does the sun apparently rise north-east of us, when we are more than twenty-three and a half degrees north of the equator, which is the highest latitude the sun has?

On what part of the earth do our antipodes live?

Is a minister of the Gospel in any sense a priest more than a layman is?

* “Metathesis.”—I explain for your younger readers—is a grammatical term, meaning a transposition of the letters of a word, whether from euphony or from corrupt use; as, e. g., task, tax; ask, formerly ax; spirit, sprite.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

IMPORTANCE OF A SINGLE LETTER.—The following are illustrations of the strange perversions of sense resulting from the change or the omission of a single letter: During the Mexican war one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and thirty-seven of his men had been lost in a bottle—battle. Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man in a brown surtout was yesterday brought before the police court on a charge of having stolen a small ox—box—from a lady's work-bag. The stolen property was found in his wastepot pocket. A rat—raft—says another paper, descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat; and, so serious was the injury to the boat, that great exertions were necessary to save it. An English paper once stated that the Russian General Backinoffkowsky was found dead with a long word—sword—in his mouth. It was, perhaps, the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with great laughter—slaughter. Again: A gentleman was yesterday brought up to answer the charge of having eaten—beaten—a stage-driver for demanding more than his fare. At the late Fourth of July dinner in the town of Charlestown, none of the poultry were eatable except the owls—fowls.

LITERATURE AS A BUSINESS AND AS A RELAXATION.—Madame de Stael one day said to me, "How sorry I am for Campbell! his poverty so unsettles his mind that he can not write." I replied, "Why does he not take the situation of a clerk? he could then compose verses during his leisure hours." This answer was reckoned very cruel both by Madame de Stael and Mackintosh; but there was really kindness as well as truth in it. When literature is the sole business of life, it becomes a drudgery: when we are able to resort to it only at certain hours, it is a charming relaxation.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.—"Read the biographies of our great and good men and women," says an exchange. "Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from plain, strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashions as with the changing clouds."

POWER OF KINDNESS.—Many years since there lived in one of the central counties of New Jersey, a poor mechanic, eminent for his pious zeal and consistency. He was very much tried by the conduct of a neighbor, who was in the habit of cutting his wood for the week on the Lord's day, and the sound of whose ax continually disturbed the old Christian's meditations. Father H., as he was called, often remonstrated earnestly and kindly with his neighbor, but without any effect. At length he adopted a different course. On Saturday afternoon his neighbor found the old man very busy at his wood-pile, and inquired, in astonishment, what he was doing. "Why," replied father H., "you will persist in cutting your wood on God's holy day, and it grieves me so much that I mean to do it for you this afternoon, so that you will have no temptation to do it to-morrow." The man was at once overcome and exclaimed, "No, you shall not.

I will do it myself. Nor will you ever after this have reason to complain of me for chopping wood on the Lord's day." And he was as good as his word. The old man has long since gone to his reward, but this incident lives after him to enforce the divine direction, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

THE POET PUT RIGHT.—A promising boy, not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

said he knew it was n't true—his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

TRUTHFULNESS.—A lady, piqued by Johnson's scrupulous advocacy of truth, once asserted that little variations in narrative must happen a thousand times a day, if one is not perpetually watching. To which Johnson replied, "Well, madam, and you ought to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—I heard of a clergyman, says Sydney Smith, who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. "What is to pay?" "Pay, sir! for what?" asked the turnpike-man. "Why, for my horse, to be sure." "Your horse, sir! what horse? Here is no horse, sir." "No horse? God bless me," said he suddenly, looking down between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback." Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street, and invited me to meet myself. "Dine with me to-day; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you." I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere.

HOW TO BE HAPPIER.—A venerable farmer, some eighty years of age, said to a relative who lately visited him: "I have lived on this farm for more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I now am. I have worshiped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost but one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago, that if I wished to be any happier, I must have more religion."

CONVERSION AND OLD AGE.—The late Rev. Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, in a sermon to young men, stated that he had been a minister over twenty years, and yet he could not remember more than three persons over fifty years of age, who had ever asked the momentous question, "What must I do to be saved?"

FUGITIVE VERSES.—It is on such scraps that wittlings feed; and it is hard that the world should judge of our housekeeping from what we fling to the dogs.—*Pope to Swift.*

Sideboard for Children.

THE limited space we can devote to this department obliges us to make a selection from the items sent to us. We always give preference to those which embody a beautiful sentiment or a good moral. Where the moral is objectionable, or sacred things are used in a light way, or where the manner or words express something that is not beautiful in a child, we deem the communication unsuited to our design.

I have a little brother. When he was about three years old there was a butcher accustomed to leave meat at our house, who bore the mark of being intemperate in his face. One morning he not making his appearance as usual, little Albert ran up to his mother and inquired, "Ma, why do n't that man come with the killed cow? I mean that man with the bloody sore eye wink."

W. F. L.

The following was lately sent to us from Virginia:

On the evening of July 30, 1856, a very dark and threatening cloud arose in the south-west. The lightning and thunder were constant and terribly grand. The wind blew vehemently. Willie's ma was letting down the windows, while he, in great distress, followed her from room to room, exclaiming, "O, ma, I want to pray the good Lord not to strike the house with lightning," urging her, at the same time, to tell him what to say. She told him that she had at other times taught him how to pray, and that now he must pray himself. He immediately fell down on his knees at the bedside and very devoutly prayed, "Our Father who art in heaven," etc. Then, after repeating a few appropriate words dictated by his ma, he rose up calmly and composed, his countenance the meanwhile wearing an expression of confidence which seemed to say, *Now I am safe*. Such is a child's confidence in the efficacy of prayer.

W. S. B.

Dunby, Ft.—While making a pastoral call some time since, the lady of the house was relating to me a difficulty that she had incurred by having spoken too freely concerning the moral character of a neighbor; her little boy of only a few summers who had been listening with much attention to the recital of his mother's trouble, said, with a tone and look of sympathy and concern, "If you had n't said it he would n't know it."

J. L. C.

New Albany, Ia.—Little Rachel L. was in the room where her father was busily engaged preparing a sermon. A visitor came in to whom Mr. L. said, "I am endeavoring to prepare a sermon on the text, 'Enoch walked with God and was not, for God took him.'" Rachel looked up and said with evident concern, "Pa, why did n't he run, then he could n't have took him."

In the midst of a violent thunder-storm little — W.—whose first name I have forgotten—took refuge in the parlor. His mother entered the room and found him on his knees praying. The first words she heard were these: "O, Lord, you may thunder as much as you please, but pray do n't let it lighten."

C. B. D.

Lawrenceville, Ill.—A little boy of my acquaintance, whose father has a field of wheat containing two kinds, the other day was heard to call one of them "lady wheat." His mother asked him why he called it by that name. The little fellow replied, "Because one of them has beard, and it has not."

S.

My little brother, when about five years of age, was disputing with his playmate, Tommy O—, concerning the origin of the genus *homo*. Said Tommy, "We're all made of dust, Ally." The reply was to the effect that "Ally" doubted the statement and requested further light on the subject. "Why,

Ally, we are, 'cos the Bible says so, and my mother says so. We are made of different kinds of dust, I guess. I'm made of brick-dust. What are you made of?" Ally.—In undigested contempt and with great emphasis—"Well, I was let down from Heaven."

R. G. L.

A BROTHER sends us the following from Indiana:

Little Annie, my niece, is just on the hither edge of three years. She has a younger sister, Lily, and there was a brother Charlie, but he has *gone on*. Annie talked in this wise: "Lily, little brother Charles's gone to heat'n. He's singin', 'There is a happy land.' You be a good girl and you may go to heat'n some time and set by little Charlie, *but you must set still!*'"

J. H. L.

Gravesville, N. Y.—There was a storm. Winds roared amid the forest-trees, thunders boomed, and lightnings played upon an angry sky. Suddenly little E. was discovered to be absent. A search was instituted, which resulted in finding her out in the drenching rain, kneeling upon the wet grass, her little hands clasped, and her sweet eyes raised to the stormy heavens. Upon being asked the cause of her strange conduct, she replied very quietly and seriously, "I was hearing God talk." She had been told that thunder was the voice of God.

S.

Kansas Territory.—I thought perhaps you might not reject a scrap from this land of adventure. My little baby girl, who is just two years old, came into the house with her little sister and brother a day or two ago. They had been out upon the side of our beautiful blue mound culling the flowers, with which she seemed delighted. I said to her, "Mary, dear, do you know who made those beautiful flowers?" She instantly answered, "God did, ma, and I do love God, ma, for making me these pity flowers."

R. M. S.

We take the two following from Mrs. Sigourney's "Sayings of the Little Ones:"

A precocious child was ambitious of keeping up with older classes at school, and was in some respects successful. During an exercise in orthography and definitions, the teacher said to her: "Spell the word *ferment*, tell its meaning, and place it accurately in some sentence or phrase." Taking pride in always answering without hesitation, she replied rapidly: "F-e-r-m-e-n-t; ferment is to work; I like to ferment in the garden."

Little Paul came to spend an hour with his cousin Ellen. He was usually a good boy. But on this occasion a strange change came over him. Nothing pleased him; and from dissatisfaction he proceeded to cross words and aggressive measures. He pulled the new doll from his cousin and threw it angrily on the floor. He had even his hand raised to strike Ellen when his aunt came in. "What! this can not be the good little Paul, whom we are always glad to see. Is it not some bad child wearing his clothes and calling himself by a wrong name?" Quite crest-fallen he desired to go home. He felt ashamed that every one should be glad that his visit was over. Some time elapsed ere he repeated it. Then he went directly to his aunt and said with a very pleasant face: "Good Paul has come to see cousin Ellen. Do not say any more about the bad Paul. I am not acquainted with him."

An interesting anecdote is told of a little Swedish girl who had given evidence that a saving change had been wrought upon her. She was walking with her father one night, under the starry sky, intently meditating upon the glories of heaven. At last, looking up to the sky, she said, "Father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be!"

Editor's Table.

NOTICEABLE ITEMS.—The reader will find the sketch of the Art-Discoverer increasing in interest as it progresses to its conclusion. A little of the same intense devotion directed to business would make more successful men; a little of it in religion would make better Christians.—Few of our readers, perhaps, are aware that the late Dr. Kitto was deprived of his hearing. The interesting sketch of him is from one whose sympathy is deepened by a similar privation.—Our readers will welcome to the pages of the Repository one whose name for long years has been connected with many a *jeu d'esprit*, which has chased away the "blues" in lonesome hours without number. We shall without doubt hear from her again.

THE OHIO RIVER.—One who has formed his notion of rivers from the majestic Hudson, with its great breadth and depth, will be struck with disappointment the first time he catches a glimpse of the Ohio at this distance from its source. It is formed by the confluence of two rivers—one of them three hundred and the other nearly four hundred miles in length—and from that junction to Cincinnati is nearly five hundred miles—through all of which extent, tributaries, some of them large rivers and draining a vast tract of country, are pouring in their waters. Knowing all this, and having formed his notions of what the river ought to be, the novice will be surprised to find the Ohio still a narrow and shallow stream. Its waters have been drawn away among the sands or exhaled to descend in showers to fertilize the adjacent country. This is no libel on the *la belle riviere* of the old French. Only one year since our own eyes saw a sturdy ox fording the shriveled stream in the very face of the great city of Cincinnati. Indeed, had we been a boy as we once were, we verily believe that we could not have resisted the impulse to slip off our shoes and stockings and wade across. But let us not minify the Ohio. Sometimes, like the swellings of Jordan, it rises and expands like a giant in his might. Its average rise from low-water mark, during the rains of the wet season, is about fifty feet; and in great freshets it has risen sixty-three feet. It is, when at its height, a giant flood.

Just below Cincinnati we have some of the finest views on the river. One of them is presented in our engraving. On the left you have the Kentucky shore; on the right the Ohio—on the bank of which, side by side, run along the White Water canal and the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, one of them being an arm by which the agricultural regions of central Indiana are made tributary to the Queen City; the other a more ambitious tributary, forming a direct link of connection with the "Father of Waters," St. Louis, and the "far west." Along the Ohio bank are some beautiful villas, and the hill-sides are, in many places, covered with teeming vineyards.

THE FIRST FISH.—We never could make a successful angler, and long since gave up the effort. To sit upon some projecting rock or old log, or to stand with feet under water on some low sand-bar, hour after hour, intently watching for a nibble, is more than our human na-

ture was ever able to endure. We can not say how much sport we may have lost, or, rather, missed by this infirmity, for we don't know. But judging of it by the keen zest of your real angler, we conclude it must have been immense.

Angling, according to Christopher North, is the first among field sports "in the order of nature." We have before us the "young angler." The young angler commences his illustrious career, perhaps, armed with a thread of no great length from his mother's spool, and a crooked pin firmly secured by the head at the end of it. With these formidable weapons he stands by the wash-tub, containing, to his imagination, an immense depth of water, and desperately and persistently angles for "a bite" where there is neither bait nor fish. Not alone, gentle reader, in this kind of angling is the unsophisticated child. Tens of thousands in active life angle with as little judgment and to as little purpose.

But the angler a little more advanced, the veritable "young angler," claims our attention. There he stands—not the angler in our picture—on the low bridge crossing a little brook. This little brook has its "back-water" and "still-water" occasioned by eddies and obstructions. There is "still water" and of quite a depth under the bridge. So our young angler has a chance. His rod, of no great length, has been carefully peeled and smoothed; his line, homespun, twisted and doubled with great effort and after repeated failures; his bait, the impaled worm writhing in its agony. Thus armed the young angler stands and waits for "a bite." What earnest, engrossing hope is painted upon his countenance; time flies uncounted; school, books—all the world is forgotten—so intent for a bite. It comes! Quick as lightning the hapless minnow shoots up from its element over the head of the young angler and lands remote from the water among the bushes or in the grass. Caught a *real* fish! Two inches long it may be made by a liberal measurement; a quarter of an ounce it may weigh! But he has caught a fish! What triumph on his brow! What exultation in his looks! How he eyes the poor victim of his art, the beautiful gloss of its scales, the symmetry of its form, the beautiful taper of its extreme! He clutches it firmly in his hand, lest it should escape. With the speed of the wind he hies himself to his home, bearing aloft the trophy of his skill. All in the house—father, mother, sisters, brothers, and even Bridget—she of plum-cake and apple-pie memory—and "the hired man," must listen to the story of his success and admire the beauty of the captured minnow.

Do n't smile at the enthusiasm of our young hero; he has caught his first fish. It may be small in your eye, but not so in his. It may seem to you worthless, but not so to him. Nor is it. A new element of enterprise and success is developed in the lad. The spirit is stirred; the consciousness of power to achieve—which is the great element of success—has been begotten. He will yet fish in broader seas, and draw from their stormy depths grander evidences of his power. This little feat, then, possesses a moral significance worthy of our regard. It is a prophecy of noble enterprise and heroic achievement.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We uniformly have on hand more than twice as much accepted matter as we can use. It is, therefore, a little relief to find now and then an article which falls a little below the mark. "Abuse of Life," "The Phantom," "The Way to be Happy," "The Mother," "Passing," "The House of God," "Our Departed Infant," "The place of the Dead," "Not Dead," "I Miss Theo," etc., "Farewell to Home," "My Life," "The Golden Chain," and "In Memoriam," will hardly do, though some of them possess considerable merit. The author of the "Dying Girl's Farewell" should study and practice the poetic art; she has talents that should be cultivated. So also would we say to the author of "Carry me Home to Die," "To my Angel Father" is not without merit, but its author needs practice. "The Rose of the Glen," "My Childhood's Home," and "Ordination" will not do without revision. We would like another specimen from the author of "Idolatry;" this is rather complicated and involved in its style.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our contributors will understand that when an article is "accepted," it is placed on file for publication. But such is the press of matter and the necessity of variety, both in style and subject, that its publication is even then by no means certain, or, at least, it may be long delayed.

It may not be amiss to state that we have at this moment over one hundred prose contributions and about the same number of poems on our list of "accepted" articles. They look down upon us imploringly; but what can we do? Our sympathy for the suffering ones cooped up in limbo does not expand the stereotyped dimensions of our magazine a single em. But we are reminded of our "reserved list"—our "suspension bridge," as some of our correspondents facetiously call it—lying still back of the above, and comprising no mean number. Unless our contributors have something very choice in its character, we must say to them as Dr. Phineas Rice is reported to have once said to a questionable character who applied for admission into his Church—"there is no vacancy for you at present, sir."

EXCERPTA.—We clip a few items from our correspondence, but not half so many as we would like to had we space.

Our brother, from whom we excerpt the following, will pardon the liberty taken with a private letter. We are certain his note will do good. He says: "I have lately—in the reticacy of my study—experienced a blessing which seems to permeate my whole being. My soul is filled to overflowing with its fullness. For twenty-three years I have known the power of Christ to 'forgive sin;' now I know his power to 'cleanses from all iniquity.' It is like a sun of light in the very center of my soul. It kindles and burns with an ardor of which I had little conception before. I have all along preached that Christians should seek the blessing of entire sanctification—seek it in this life—seek it now. I dared not do otherwise. I should have felt that I was preaching something less than a full and complete Gospel had I done otherwise. But it was all done too theoretically—too mechanically, to have much power or to produce much effect, though some good was done, some souls were blessed. But now how easy it is to preach it; and then the sweetness and divine power! I feel really as though I was not only entering upon a new life, but also upon a new era in my ministry." Would that all the ministers of

Jesus Christ would enter upon this "new life" and this "new era!"

The following, from an unknown friend in Brooklyn, New York, contains a flow of genuine sensibility, and will touch the heart: "Dear Repository,—You have come again with 'graceful mien and cheerful smile,' and so you have come 'many a time and oft' to our 'pleasant home.' But now, alas! there is no answering smile to greet your coming, and the hearts once so happy are sad and sorrowful. For since the last visit she, in whose name you still come to us—she, whose it was first to unfold your pages and your treasures to our eager gaze—OUR MOTHER—our ever gentle, loving mother, has left us, a lonely little band in our desolate home. You have come again, but she can never.

"And O! when they folded the hands, that had so long ministered to us, upon her quiet breast, and laid her away from our sight forever, it did seem that all the light had passed away with the sunshine of her smile. Truly the cloud hangs heavy and dark. But there is a light, even all through to the end of the long, dreary future of this life; it is the assurance that she has gained 'the abiding home,' and waits to welcome us there.

"Pardon me, kind editor of our valued Repository; but when my eye met those pleasant greetings and kind wishes, that 'all your friends had pleasant homes,' there came into my heart the desire that you might know how they had come to one sorrowful home at least. But we will try to find comfort in the sweet messages and 'bright thoughts' of the Repository, now doubly dear to us all because our mother was its friend, and called it hers so long."

The following note awoke within us pleasing feelings, and we doubt not it will also in the mind of the reader. Are there not "friends" of the widow every-where? "A friend of mine, knowing my taste for choice and beautiful reading, presented me with a year's subscription of the 'Ladies' Repository;' and for the past year it has made its monthly visits to our 'ingleside,' and a half-uttered prayer has fallen from my lips for the friend that gave it, and the mind that molded and fashioned it. I am a widow, and through the year I hoarded up the little that I could, that I might have the blessing of another year of its chaste and refined reading, and again it is presented to me. I bless the Lord for raising up friends in the hour of darkness. It has been to me 'a thing of beauty,' and I would like to make it 'a joy forever,' by having it bound and preserved in a situation where it can be useful and still retain its pristine beauty.

"Far away in the bosom of our beautiful peninsula arise to our great 'all-Father' prayers heart-felt and sincere for the success of your undertakings, in all that is good and noble. Though a stranger personally, still by your writings I know you, and by faith I hope to meet you in that haven of rest, the glorious eternity of the future." We thank God for friends that pray for us.

OUR EXCHANGES.—Many of our exchanges send us marked copies of the paper containing their notices. We shall receive it as a favor if the others will do the same. We also take the opportunity to express our heart-felt gratitude to the many of our exchanges that have commended our labors in such appreciative terms. All that we can say for ourself is, that we have endeavored to deserve well of the literary and religious public.



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Indian men, one sitting on the shore, looking at the water.

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